The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1927 No. 3237

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 47
EDITORIALS:
Patriots and Patrioteers 50
Poor Haiti! 51
Are You a New Yorker? 51
John Drew 52
THE PATRIOTIC RADIO TRUST. By Mauritz A. Hallgren 53
IS FRENCH CATHOLICISM GAINING GROUND? By Ida Treat 55
THE FORWARD TURN. By Mary Austin 57
COMPULSION AT DePAUW. By Ellis Cowling 59
A BIT OF RUSSIAN PATCHWORK. By Karl Borders 60
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 61
CORRESPONDENCE 62
BOOKS:
Epitaphs. By Alfred Kreymborg 65
That "Filthy Little Atheist." By W. E. Woodward 65
The Story of Intolerance. By Norman Thomas 66
Alloy. By Joseph Wood Krutch 67
Done in the Round. By Mary Ross 68
A German View of Grey. By William L. Langer 68
Books in Brief 69
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTIONS:
Industrial Exploration: I. Charting the World's Commodity Flow. By Benton Mackaye 70

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
DOROTHY GRAFFE VAN DOREN
ARTHUR WARNER, Managing Editor
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, Literary Editor
FREDA KIRCHWEY
MARK VAN DOREN
Contributing Editors
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN
DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

HENRY FORD? He is an enigma still. Did he make his sudden apology to the Jewish race as a means of settling the libel suits that were piling up against him? Or in the hope of propping up an overgrown business? Or must one take at face value the amazing statement that he had just learned that the anti-Semitic campaigns of his Dearborn *Independent* had aroused resentment among the Jews? In any other man such naivete would be impossible. But, recalling the almost incredible simple-mindedness displayed by this billionaire on the witness-stand in the Chicago *Tribune* suit ten years ago, one hesitates. He has before this trusted himself and his fortune to lieutenants who proved ill-chosen, has stood by them far too long and then dropped them in cruel and impetuous disgust. The man is so remote from all accidental contact with ordinary human beings, and from the miscellaneous associations which come to literate persons through their casual reading, that it is conceivable that he did not realize to what length of race prejudice his magazine had gone or what universal disgust its blind Judeophobia had inspired. But even if one accept his plea at its face value, what is one to say? Has even an absentee owner of a magazine no responsibility whatever for its contents? That, certainly, would be carrying the doctrine of editorial freedom to lengths which even *The Nation* would hardly indorse. The United States courts recently condemned the editor and business manager of the New York *Daily Worker* to jail terms because that paper had published a poem which they, as it happened, had never seen. The *Worker's* puerile "poem" could not conceivably have harmed any one; the Dearborn *Independent's* long and reckless sowing of race bitterness has spread its poison to millions. Yet Mr. Ford, who is a billionaire, will not go to jail; and the Communist officials of the *Daily Worker* are serving their terms.

IS ENGLAND PLANNING A WAR against the United States? Or the United States a war against England? If not, there is no sense in the haggling at Geneva. The admirals, technical experts, and professional diplomats there assembled need to be taken by the coat collars and shaken like small boys. That might give them a new perspective. As it is, they are talking arrant nonsense which happens also to be most perniciously dangerous international dynamite. The background of the story is this: At Washington, in 1922, cruisers were limited in size to 10,000 tons and in armament to 8-inch guns, but their number was left unlimited. And, naturally, a new naval competition began. Today Great Britain has 387,410 tons of cruisers built, building, or authorized—on 304,290 of which work has begun. The United States has about 155,000 tons built, building, or authorized. Jingoes in Congress have repeatedly demanded that we match Britain's building program; and unless something is accomplished at Geneva they will repeat their demand with new ammunition. At Geneva the United States proposed that cruiser tonnage be limited to 300,000 tons, but objected to further limitation of the size of individual cruisers. Great Britain was ready for limitation in size, but not in number. Indeed, her representatives were reported to desire a "limitation" to 500,000 or 600,000 tons!

WHY? DOES GREAT BRITAIN think that she needs this vast tonnage to guard herself against Germany's unarmed merchant marine? Against France, today a third-rate naval power? Against remote Japan? Of course not; the only Power against which she could use so colossal a fleet would be the United States. It is futile to contend that she needs this armada because of her long trade routes. Holland has a long sea route to her East Indies, and gets along very well without a fraction of Britain's absurd half million tons; the United States has a world trade, too, and, exaggerated as have been our own suggestions, we demand no such quota. As naval men argue, Britain needs a vast fleet because we have a big fleet; and our own admirals will follow the same logic inevitably. Every argument advanced by Mr. Bridgeman and the British admirals at Geneva will have its echo in the American Congress next winter. We will "need" ships to match every ship they can build. And in the course of the argument American jingoes will denounce British arrogance; and British chauvinists will sing that Britannia rules the waves, and always has and always must; and Anglo-American friendship will be jarred a little more. The whole business is arrant nonsense. Geneva is proving not a conference to reduce armaments, but a conference to increase navies and to build up international hate. The admirals need harnessing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KEVIN O'HIGGINS, shot down on his way to mass, was the "strong man" of the Irish Free State. For the Free State he had the ruthless passion which other Irishmen had felt for the Republic. To him it summed up Ireland, and no sacrifice could be too great for it. During his regime as Minister of Justice seventy-seven Republicans paid with their lives for opposition to it; and when his closest friend, Rory O'Connor, leader of the Four Courts rebellion, was sentenced to death, O'Higgins refused to let friendship soften his iron rule. Rory O'Connor died; O'Higgins sat up all night awaiting the execution, and collapsed at the last; and when O'Connor's will was opened it was found that he had left all to the man who had signed his death warrant. It was O'Higgins who fought the Government's battle in the recent Free State elections. He spoke everywhere, with the wild passion of his Irish soul, convinced that the Free State's course was right. "Murderer," one listener yelled at him, with reference to the seventy-seven executions. "If necessary," he hurled back, "we will execute seventy-seven more!" He spoke for authority in Ireland, defending the oath of allegiance and the British treaty; but when he went to Geneva as Ireland's representative he was staunch in his refusal to let the London delegates speak for Ireland except as Ireland authorized. The government which he served as Vice President, and as Minister of Justice and of External Affairs, will find it hard to replace him; but his death may make it easier for De Valera's Republicans to find a basis for cooperation with the government parties.

INDIANA IS BREAKING LOOSE at last. D. C. Stephenson, former Grand Dragon of the Indiana Ku Klux Klan and political boss of the State, who, apparently, has been trying to blackmail his way out of prison, has begun to publish savory bits of evidence. Not his political associations, but an injudicious murder, got him into jail. He has begun with a canceled check indorsed by the present Governor of Indiana—part of $10,000 which he says the Klan contributed to help that gentleman into office; he follows with a statement supposedly signed by the chief of Indianapolis's detective force, promising to do certain things if and when appointed to office. Other documents are said to be forthcoming which involve Indiana's junior United States Senator. The fact that Stephenson has now allied himself with the Indianapolis *Times*, a Scripps-Howard paper, suggests that this time the lid may really come off.

HARRY DAUGHERTY did the country one good turn at least. We presume he was responsible for President Harding's appointment of Dr. Joseph Morton Howell as United States Minister to Egypt. At any rate, the fact that Dr. Howell began his medical practice in Harry Daugherty's home town of Washington Court House, Ohio, is the only clue to his sudden elevation to the diplomatic service in 1921. And since 1921 Dr. Howell has been continuously proving that he belonged to the shirt-sleeve rather than to the tea-cup tradition in diplomacy. He does not like the way in which Britain runs things in "independent" Egypt, and on occasion he says so. Dr. Howell is leaving the diplomatic service, and the Egyptian Temperance Association recently gave him a farewell tea. At this tea Dr. Howell devoted himself to praising prohibition in America, and concluded with a reference to "the poisons now being sold to your people."

> The matter of forcing opium and whiskey [he added] down the throats of the people unable to protect themselves by reason of treaties and legal obligations to which they are really in no wise parties, and from which they are unable, militarily or otherwise, to protect themselves, is nothing short of a crime. Such imperialism deserves the worse censure both by God and man.

One must admit that such language is undiplomatic. But it happens to be true, and we are accordingly grateful to Harry Daugherty of Washington Court House, Ohio.

"THE BELIEF THAT GAS WARFARE is devilish should be abolished," Harry N. Holmes, professor of chemistry in Oberlin College, is reported to have stated to the Institute of Chemistry. Not gas warfare is to be abolished, but the belief that it is essentially wrong and inhuman. In order to bring that about, Professor Holmes said, "it would be well worth while to drop tear gas, obnoxious but not dangerous, on a civilian population which had been given about as much warning as they would get in warfare." A city of 10,000 people should, he thinks, be provided with gas masks and instruction in how to close doors and windows for self-protection, but the actual attack should be made by our army without warning. "The protection," he adds, "might possibly be extended to horses, although this is less important." The result, he is sure, would be "a thoroughly tested [sic] conclusion as to the real merits of gas warfare." Well, we are for the test. What town of 10,000 will be first to apply for the honor and privilege of serving the flag and our beloved country and aiding the campaign for preparedness by being gassed *ad lib* by the Chemical Warfare Service of the army? But why stop there? Why not protect our country by first-class maneuvers along all military and naval lines? Give the artillery the right to shoot up a town of 10,000 with its huge guns, and the Naval Aviation Corps the privilege of dropping explosive bombs on a passenger liner of battleship size. How can this country be safe from attack without "thoroughly tested conclusions"?

NATIONAL TRADE BARRIERS have been denounced again, first by the Economic Conference at Geneva and then by the International Chamber of Commerce meeting at Stockholm. Just what effect all of this denouncing will have is difficult to foretell. At present it seems that economic conferences are very similar to other kinds of conferences. The same spiritual effluvia that prompt the Los Angeles Friday Morning Breakfast Association or the Illinois Undertakers Convention to pass resolutions favoring the advance of civilization seems to be at work among the economic experts. Beautiful sentiments urging tariff reductions (intended mostly for other countries) are embodied in impressive agreements. And then? Well, it is explained by the expert economic delegates that of course their own nations should not act too rapidly on the resolutions that they passed at Geneva or Stockholm. For the time being, they concede, we must be governed by practical considerations. And so, for example, in almost the same paper that announces the victory for tariff reductions at Stockholm, comes the cynical contradiction that the German tariff bill raising the duties on sugar 150 per cent, on potatoes 100 per cent, etc., has been passed; and the American tariff wall will, we suspect, continue to protect Mr. Mellon. Yet cumulatively these conferences and their resolutions must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

set to work on public opinion a yeast which in the end will overcome sectionalism and narrow interests.

THE EFFORT TO DECENTRALIZE INDUSTRY through the application of anti-trust laws is commonly illusory, resulting only in the creation of a string of companies with interlocking directors at added cost to the public. And when successful, "trust-busting" is likely to prove an impediment to the development of an industry along economical and progressive lines. At the same time there are certain monopolistic practices which can with great benefit to the public be attacked under our statutes against restraint of trade. The order of the Federal Trade Commission against the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation illustrates both the useless and the useful kinds of attack upon big combinations. We doubt if the ruling that these producers of motion pictures must hereafter refrain from the purchase or operation of theaters for the purpose of coercing exhibitors will have any effect. The corporation is not required to dispose of its present extensive chain of theaters and it will be exceedingly difficult to prove that any specific addition is for the purpose of coercion. On the other hand, the order which requires that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation cease the practice of requiring exhibitors to engage films in blocks, or get none at all, is enforceable and eminently sound. The practice, probably unknown to the public previous to the order of the Federal Trade Commission, is a bit of unmitigated and outrageous gall, which obviously makes it impossible for the owner of a motion-picture house to cater to the demands of his patrons or to permit the latter to exercise any kind of influence in regard to the pictures put before them. There ought to be no difficulty in ending this impertinence, and we hope the order of the Federal Trade Commission will do it.

THE COWBOYS, or the circus men, took the hint. We suggested some weeks ago that some aspiring Senator or postmaster give the President a pair of old khaki trousers and a soft shirt in order to make his photographed fishing more verisimilitudinous. Thus far we have not read of a soft shirt or a pair of old pants upon the Presidential donation-list. But the cowboys—or the circus men—did better. They gave him a cerise silk shirt, and a green silk scarf, and a pair of chaps with magnificent fringed flanges embroidered with the sacred letters CAL. It was such an outfit as no one had ever seen less than 1,500 miles from South Dakota. (Hollywood is some 1,500 miles away.) It was good enough to be photographed all by itself; but Calvin did better—he put it on, and walked up and down, leading a horse, for an hour before the hard-working photographers. He didn't ride the horse—electric steeds still suffice him—but all dressed up and afoot he certainly added to the local color of the Black Hills. We have only one suggestion left: that next year the President make Hollywood the summer capital.

WHEN GOVERNOR YOUNG of California granted Charlotte Anita Whitney an unconditional pardon we warmly applauded his decision. We hoped that this action would be the first step toward killing the criminal-syndicalism law and similar hysterical post-war legislation. Five men are still serving penitentiary sentences in California under that law. Governor Young, by some sort of mental gymnastics, hurdled over these five men in prison and made a special case of Miss Whitney's conviction that does not seem at all reasonable. The convictions of the five men and that of Miss Whitney were part of a total of 164, all obtained in the same wave of wholesale prosecution. After studying the enforcement of this law, George W. Kirchwey, former dean of the Columbia University Law School, remarked "that the accused were, without exception, inoffensive persons; that in not a single instance were they as individuals shown to be a menace to the peace and order of the community. The defendants were scape-goats, chosen, as in the case of Miss Whitney, because of their excellent character and their purity of purpose, to expiate the sins of the people." If, as Governor Young has well said, it would be "unthinkable" to put Miss Whitney in a cell, is it not deplorable that these five men, convicted under like circumstances, should still be in the penitentiary?

ARE RHODES SCHOLARS FAILURES because they are not "running the country," but instead affect English accents and mannerisms, thus making the home folks doubtful of the merits of a foreign education? According to J. C. Beatty, holder of an Albert Kahn traveling fellowship, the Hon. A. L. Fisher of Oxford thinks that few Rhodes scholars ever become "prominent" Americans and that President Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore is the only one who has achieved an international reputation. While an improvement in the method of selecting Rhodes men is suggested—that of apportioning scholarships according to population instead of assigning two to each State—one cannot be certain that this will insure an increased ratio of national eminence. Should the American scholar strive to balance his Oxford education and "English manner" with a hundred-per-cent American Rotary club handshake? Few Rhodes scholars are yet past forty, and Mr. Fisher might find still other reasons why they are not developing into cabinet members, heads of big business, Geneva Conference representatives, or even college presidents with international reputations. So long as the gulf between higher academic training and the approved ideal of a successful politician is what it is in America, Mr. Rhodes's dream of "Rhodes scholars running the country" remains a dream.

PARLIAMENT SOLEMN AND SOBER? Dip into Hansard and read the report of a Friday when private members introduce bills which have not received the sanction of the government. On a recent Friday afternoon Mr. Lougher brought up a bill dealing with rear lights on vehicles. This, he said, was an important subject which had "occupied the attention of successive governments for the last half century, and very properly so." Another member agreed, recalling that he had seen a van plunge into "a flock of touring cyclists," and still another extended Mr. Lougher's proposal. Sir Park Goff, however, asserted that horses, cattle, and sheep did not need rear lights tied to their tails, because these animals do not travel by night. A Mr. Lee violently challenged this statement; but Sir Park refused to budge; "they generally lie down at night with the gates shut," he shouted. The bill, one member suggested, should include rear lights for baby carriages as well as bicycles, and should be tied to the coats or skirts of pedestrians. But one proposal which would undoubtedly receive the unanimous approval of all motorists was not brought up—that the man who walked on highroads, especially at night, should be fined for walking instead of riding.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patriots and Patrioteers

"IT is obvious," Mr. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, wrote to Benjamin C. Marsh, secretary of the People's Reconstruction League, "that the purpose of this meeting [a conference on How Civil Rights Have Been Suppressed to Further American Imperialism] is to promote hostility to the United States Government, and I have no desire to participate in such a conference."

And there you have in a nutshell the coward-mind of Calvin Coolidge's America. Don't criticize; don't denounce evils; be silent and let things go from bad to worse—that's patriotism, according to the Secretary of the Navy. And he is not alone. We have millions of people in this country who honestly believe that it is somehow sinful to criticize the President of the United States or the policies of his cabinet officials, and who have persuaded themselves that the men who exposed the oil scandals in President Harding's Cabinet were in some mysterious manner less patriotic than the men, like Charles Evans Hughes and Calvin Coolidge, who sat silently in the Cabinet with the scoundrels who looted and bribed, finding no occasion to express indignation.

No wonder men sneer at "politics," no wonder the word "patriotism" seems to lose its meaning, when the Michigan chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution can appoint to its Committee of Public Welfare and Defense Truman H. Newberry, who bought his way into the United States Senate in so foul-smelling a manner that he dared not keep his seat, and Edwin Denby, who as Secretary of the Navy acted as errand-boy for Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair in their oil-steals; and when the Daughters of the American Revolution, without an iota of understanding of the Spirit of '76, devotes itself to persecuting and libeling those who keep alive the tradition of these degenerate women's ancestors!

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, honorary president of the League of Women Voters, has done a public service in issuing an open letter to the Daughters of the American Revolution charging that organization with acting as an active distributor of slander and with making "mendacious, brutal attacks upon thousands of Americans who never saw a Bolshevik in their lives." In the *Woman Citizen* Mrs. Catt takes up the scurrilous charges made by some of these so-called patriotic organizations against those two noble women, Jane Addams and Florence Kelley, and refutes them in detail. It is sad to think that a point-by-point refutation of such libel was necessary. Here are, perhaps, America's greatest women—and people have been found who thought it patriotic to drag their names in the mud. The D. A. R. pamphlets do not frankly state that Miss Addams and Mrs. Kelley are Bolsheviks; but they suggest and insinuate it, as do the publications of the Scabbard and Blade, that reserve officers' association which makes a profession of defaming men and women who seek to better these United States, and of other similarly defamatory "patriotic" organizations. It is only occasionally that these organizations cross the boundaries of the law of libel, though they approach them by every pathway of insinuation. More often, it is the newspapers which use their charges as texts which slip across the legal limits. The Boston *Transcript* has more than once found itself compelled to make amends for false charges; and a former managing editor of *The Nation* two years ago compelled the Chicago *Tribune* to make a substantial financial settlement for false and libelous statements which it had made about his activities in Mexico.

It is perhaps unfortunate that so few leaders of social reform in the United States have cared to prosecute in the courts the men and women who, under a misguided mantle of patriotism, libel and denounce them. But perhaps, on the other hand, they are right in believing that the courts can settle nothing. Back of the courts is public opinion; and what is necessary is rather a new sanification of the public mind than a punitive process against a few misled individuals. America is still haunted, in the mass, by war-time specters; conformity is still regarded as a virtue and dissent as ground for suspicion; and until this fundamental condition, which vitiates the basis of democratic government, is changed, a few libel suits against individuals will not get us far.

New and amazing outbreaks of the mob mind slip into the newspapers every week. When before in the country's history, for instance, would it have been possible for a group of veterans to protest against a war memorial which quoted the prophet Isaiah's hope that some day "Nation shall not lift sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more," as in Plainfield, New Jersey, in recent months? Was it always possible for a sodden manufacturer to hound out of town universally liked Y. W. C. A. secretaries, as in Fort Wayne, Indiana, recently, apparently because they included discussion of hours of labor on their programs? Despite scores of such discouraging outbreaks of bigotry and mob-mindedness, however, there are as potent signs of an awakening to common sense. Plainfield did not yield to the Legion; Fort Wayne has been through an unprecedented campaign of public education; and Denver, Colorado, whose first citizen has finally been driven from his juvenile court, is awakening to a realization that Judge Lindsey is its greatest municipal asset. It is significant that Mrs. Catt, representing a relatively conservative group of women, should have been moved to her denunciation of the D. A. R.'s campaign of vilification, and that the president general of the D. A. R., instead of developing its loose charges, retired from the battlefield with the watery statement that "Mrs. Catt is just as much entitled to her opinion as I am to mine."

The Nation would, to be sure, go further even than Mrs. Catt. She contents herself with proving that Miss Addams and Mrs. Kelley are not Bolsheviks, and that the epithet "Red Rose of Anarchy," applied to Miss Rose Schneiderman of the Women's Trade Union League, was a gross misnomer. That is true enough; but what of it? Behind that argument might lie the assumption that they would have no right to speak if they were socialists, anarchists, or communists. We would maintain, with Thomas Jefferson, that there is no safety for the republic unless every honest complaint and every honest hope for change can freely be voiced. William Z. Foster, the Communist leader, seems to us far closer to the tradition of the founding fathers than H. M. Haldeman, president of the Better America Federation of California, who has just been in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dicted for usury. Mr. Foster is really trying to better America—according to his lights, which are not our lights—not to line his own pockets; and his course seems to us more patriotic than hushing up sordid oil or banking scandals. The way to maintain pride in the republic is constantly to hold it up to what are too lightly mouthed as the national ideals. Those who cast aspersions upon such efforts seem to us the real traitors to the spirit of the American republic.

Poor Haiti!

MESSRS. JOLIBOIS, Chauvet, Pressoir, Moravia, Liautaud, Ricourt, and Fouché, patriotic editors of Haitian newspapers, are in jail today because they dared speak out against the shackling of their country. They protested when Archbishop Caruana told newspaper reporters in Havana that President Borno, America's puppet-president, was a public-spirited citizen; and Mr. Borno gave point to their protests by promptly clapping them into jail, boldly asserting that "never in our national life was the press as free as it is today, but I will not stand for my country to be insulted in foreign lands. These men will remain in prison until I think of them again." Under the benign protection of the United States Marine Corps, President Borno can play the Mussolini role to his heart's content.

The fact is that Haiti has never known a stricter censorship than today, and with reason. For the United States is engaged in mopping up, and President Borno is supposed to do the dirty work of keeping things dark. When Franklin Roosevelt wrote a constitution for Haiti in 1916 he still suffered a bit from pre-war inhibitions. He left several loopholes. Among other things, he left the judiciary independent and in Haitian hands. Doubtless the petty Haitian judiciary is, in its way, corrupt, but it is also patriotic. When a big American landowner goes into a Haitian court today, and faces a poverty-stricken Haitian nobody, the nobody nevertheless is likely to have the best of it. And, as American land holdings in Haiti are increasing, it seems obviously desirable to change such a state of things. So the constitution is being amended.

The new constitution makes at least three important changes. Instead of guaranteeing liberty of the press—a guaranty which Mr. Borno has honored chiefly in the breach—it limits the guaranty to conditions "determined by law." Instead of providing for trial by jury in all criminal cases it limits jury trial to cases prescribed by law, and leaves interpretation of laws to the Legislature. (Since no legislative elections have been held since Smedley Butler, pistol in hand, dissolved the Haitian Senate more than ten years ago, legislative functions meanwhile being exercised by presidential appointees, this should leave Mr. Borno very comfortable.) A further constitutional change provides that the President shall appoint all judges except justices of the peace, and that he may remove even his own appointees for cause. This provision is important in its effect upon land titles, particularly American-held titles, which hitherto have suffered in the Haitian courts and now seem assured of due respect. Since Haiti has had only the most irregular system of title registration, this system of presidentially appointed judges to pass upon all land claims should achieve marvellous results. Still another constitutional change extends the normal presidential term from four to six years, and provides that a president may not be reelected after ten years in office. Mr. Borno's term expires in 1930, but, as he will then have served only eight years, this permits him to retain the office until 1936.

Behind all this constitutional patchwork lies the shadow of the sixty-year concession in the Artibonite valley granted to former United States Representative Rodenberg of Illinois. Supposedly it is for the development of water power; and there has been talk of rubber plantations there; but rumors are current in Haiti that it also includes oil lands. It is of no value unless a large number of land claims can be adjudicated satisfactorily to the American concessionaires.

One of the newspapers whose editor is now in jail has claimed that the "annulment of titles which will be made by order of the American Occupation will convey the lands of the peasants to the National Board of Survey and then the Occupation will give them to Mr. Rodenberg." Here lies the explanation of the mass imprisonment of Port-au-Prince's editors, and of President Borno's cavalier declaration that they shall stay in jail until he happens to think of them again. At root, as in all Haiti's recent misery, the interests of United States capitalists are responsible.

Was it for such dirty business that the Marines were brought back from Nicaragua to their old quarters in Haiti? Has the American conscience been so deadened by marine-corps publicity that there will be no stout protest against such bullyragging of a helpless little nation? Is there no voice in America, save those of Haiti's old-times friends like Senators King and Borah, to demand that these things shall stop? Here, rather than in Europe, America's good name is most vitally at stake.

Are You a New Yorker?

BEFORE answering this question the reader is entitled to ask another: What is a New Yorker? There are as many answers to that as people in the metropolis, but there has never been a better one than in the testimony which has been brought out by Charles H. Tuttle, United States Attorney, in his inquiry into the methods of selling theater tickets. The typical New Yorker is there revealed, the person who makes the city what it is, who accepts it as it is, who leads its life and reflects its attitude, in distinction from stray individuals who live in the city more or less indefinitely without ever belonging to it—or wanting to.

For the typical New Yorker is a theater-goer. He plays at least as hard as he works, and among all his pleasures one of the most popular and strenuous is play-going. New York, as everybody knows, is the country's theatrical heart. More and more it is coming to be pretty nearly the country's complete theatrical circulatory system as far as the drama—as distinguished from motion pictures and vaudeville—goes. Yet the theaters presenting the talked-of plays are always crowded. Unlike the situation elsewhere in this country or in Europe, it is rarely possible to go to a theater just before a performance and obtain satisfactory—or even any—seats. Prudent persons don't try to. They know they must make arrangements in advance. But how? The privilege of reserving seats by telephone, to be paid for before the performance, was cut off several years

Reference Collection
Lee College Library
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago. Even when one spends from one to two hours' time, some days in advance, in a personal visit to the theater box-office he often finds poor picking.

Query: Who has the seats? Answer: The theater ticket agencies. These establishments handle tickets for most of the important theaters. They rose to power a few years ago as a means of supplanting the old nuisance of the sidewalk ticket scalper with whom the theaters had formerly worked hand in glove. The new ticket broker was supposed to usher in a reform. Theater-goers were no longer to be gouged *ad lib* by irresponsible parties. The ticket agents were to charge a uniform fee of fifty cents above the box-office price on each ticket. It was an exorbitant commission—about 20 per cent—but for the typical New Yorker, who thinks he must see every show touted by the press or his friends in its first two weeks, it was better than scrambling for oneself.

Yet it appears that even an exorbitant commission has not been enough for the ticket agencies. The irresponsible sidewalk ticket scalper, who gouged the public in hit-and-miss fashion, has been dispossessed by a responsible, established, experienced blackjacker and stick-up man who has raised banditry on the Rialto to occupy the place of a fine art.

It seems that a party of Washington officials while on a visit last winter to New York were charged what they regarded as excessive prices for some theater tickets. They wondered if the theater ticket agents were paying income taxes on all this velvet, and Mr. Tuttle was induced to make an inquiry. The inquiry has answered the question of the Washington officials in the negative. But it has done far more.

It has proved again the dictum of O. Henry that New York City is the world's best market for the sale of gold bricks; it has shown that the whole process of distributing theater tickets is, in the words of Mr. Tuttle, "honeycombed with lying graft"; it has laid bare a cross-section of the spine of the typical New Yorker and revealed it to be as devoid of bone as a cockroach.

In his absurd hallucination that he must see every play touted by the press or his friends within the first two weeks, and only from a front seat in the orchestra, the typical New Yorker has made possible victimization to an almost incredible extent. The facts brought out by Mr. Tuttle disclose that the first fourteen rows of the orchestra go *en masse* to the ticket agents and that the latter not only graft off the public but in turn are grafted upon by the men in the box offices. A representative of the Erlanger organization testified that in addition to a salary of $300 a week he averaged about $350 from ticket agents for seeing that they got good seats. In other words the public is paying one inconsequential cog in the theatrical world about $35,000 a year for the privilege of having its pockets picked. And there are scores of others.

What, then, is a New Yorker? One concludes that he is a person who delights to pay through the nose not only for favors but for ordinary rights; who puts his pleasures before his principles (if any); who can be mulcted without retaliation or even protest. Away from home the New Yorker boasts glibly of the wonders of his city. Within its walls he is a supine invertebrate who is bossed and bullied, hounded and herded, humbugged and sandbagged by anyone with a uniform, a flashy tie, or a loud voice; and his utmost repercussion is to go home and scold his wife or kick the dog.

John Drew

THE death of John Drew removes one of the most popular actors from the American stage and closes a long career which had entertained several generations of playgoers. Though he was born to the stage he did not play his first part until, at the age of twenty, he appeared with his parents in Philadelphia in 1873. Tardy as this debut was for one raised in the profession, it did not prevent him from spanning with his career more than one epoch of dramatic history.

His earliest role was in one of the old-fashioned farcical after-pieces; some twenty years later he passed on to Daly's famous company when it was making its first successes with translations from the German; he helped to popularize Pinero and Sutro; and he achieved the last of his important successes in one of the ultra-sophisticated comedies of Maugham. But the length of his career is even more strikingly illustrated by the fact that three generations furnished him with leading women. In the days of his earliest successes he played opposite Ada Rehan, later opposite Maude Adams in Louis N. Parker's "Rosemary," and in "My Wife" he helped Billie Burke to fame. Long after Ada Rehan was dead and after the other two had retired, he was still concealing his age under a suavity and grace of manner that made him seem always young.

Drew had, of course, his limitation, and the roles he played were always light. His Petruccio was famous. But it was in modern high comedy that his talents shone most brightly and he was at his best in plays that required chiefly a fashionable ease of manner. The oft-quoted witticism which credited him with "behaving" upon the stage instead of acting had a certain truth, and he made no attempt to portray the passions. Booth Tarkington once said of him that he would make Simon Legree into a misunderstood gentleman and certainly gentlemen, misunderstood or not, were his metier. No one entered a drawing-room or handled a tea-cup better than he. Urbanity radiated from him, and wit, particularly of the sort which is characterized by a gentle worldliness, seemed to receive an added polish as it passed through his lips.

In one respect he was not entirely fortunate. It so happened that, during the latter part of his career at least, the greatest plays were not of the drawing-room sort; and he was not identified with any of the classics of the modern theater. An age which found its truest expression in social comedy would have provided more opportunities to display his talents at their best and yet, even as it was, he managed to make certain minor pieces more delightful than they otherwise would have been. Thanks in part to him, such plays as, for example, Haddon Chambers's "The Tyranny of Tears" were wholly delightful and he kept alive a tradition of comedy, polite and yet edged, which no one else could interpret so well. In them his style was the exact antithesis of that which is commonly referred to as of "the old school." His manner was conversational to the last degree and he carried to its uttermost possible limits the ideal of naturalistic acting. No one ever made art seem less artificial. He seemed always to enter the stage as though he were entering a private room and one always had the impression that one was merely overhearing by accident what he was saying to his friends. Certainly no actor has spanned more successive generations of friends than John Drew, or will be more generally missed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Patriotic Radio Trust

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

I

WHO Shall Control the Air? asked Morris L. Ernst in *The Nation* for April 21, 1926. The only intelligible answer thus far has come in the form of a hearty guffaw from the Radio Trust; why speak of controlling the air when *I* own the air? Why speak of governmental supervision of broadcasting (to protect your sacred free speech) when *I* have a complete monopoly on the manufacture and sale of broadcasting apparatus in this country and when *I* am on the verge of getting a stranglehold on the manufacture of receiving sets? Why worry about broadcasting permits when no one can set up a broadcasting station without first buying equipment from me and at my terms? I developed wireless broadcasting (as a patriotic duty, by the way); it is mine and I intend to keep it.

The Radio Trust climbed to its glory in a simple manner. It rounded up and pooled all but an insignificant handful of the 800 American wireless patents, including fifteen or sixteen basic patents upon which are founded all sending and receiving devices now manufactured. These patents were made available to the members of the trust under what has become known as the cross-licensing system. Rights in almost all British, German, French, Dutch, and other European patents were acquired at the same time. Further maneuvers gave the trust a virtual monopoly on the radio-engineering talent of the country so that today the individual members operate mammoth research laboratories, spend millions of dollars annually, employ hundreds of engineers, the fruits of whose labors, by means of another pooling arrangement, become the property of the trust as a whole.

This gigantic research machine is devoted primarily to the task of keeping outsiders from penetrating the monopoly with revolutionary inventions. Occasionally the machine makes really worthwhile contributions to the radio art, but for the most part it turns out inventions which are duly patented but rarely used except when it becomes necessary to sue an unsuspecting outsider for infringing upon a patent he never knew existed. Small wonder, then, that the Radio Trust controls broadcasting and, with the British Marconi Company, transoceanic wireless communications.

In its regulation-hampered way the Federal Trade Commission is at present unearthing ripe and pertinent facts concerning the radio combination, but even as it does so the trust bowls heedlessly along. The strongest of the independents, the Atwater Kent Company of Philadelphia, still defies the trust and at last reports was arming itself for a life and death struggle in the courts.

The Radio Corporation of America, nucleus of the trust, was incorporated October 17, 1919, for the purpose of engaging in public radio-communication service on land and sea and in the business of buying and selling radio apparatus. Five days later the General Electric Company, parent of the Radio Corporation, brought the first patents into the fold by purchasing the assets of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. These assets included rights in all present and future British Marconi patents. The purchase price was 2,000,000 shares each of the common and preferred stock of the Radio Corporation, which went to the British Marconi, owner of the American Marconi Company. Thus British Marconi entered the Radio Trust. The General Electric received as its compensation 135,174 shares of the preferred Radio Corporation stock and 2,000,000 common shares. The following month the Radio Corporation entered into an agreement with British Marconi for the conduct of transoceanic radio traffic. On the same day, November 20, the General Electric brought its own patents into the pool, granting the Radio Corporation a license to use and sell apparatus for radio purposes under all patents, present and future, owned or controlled by the General Electric. In return the General Electric was licensed to make such apparatus as the Radio Corporation's patents might cover.

An agreement dated July 1, 1920, provided for the exchange of patent rights between the General Electric and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. In general terms, the telephone company was to make and sell broadcasting equipment and the General Electric receiving apparatus for non-commercial purposes. A second agreement of the same date tied up these two concerns with the Radio Corporation and the telephone company's subsidiary, the Western Electric Company. Then, on March 7, 1921, while the trust was angling for the Westinghouse patents, another though minor link was forged in the radio chain. This was the United Fruit Company, which, through the Tropical Radio Telegraph Company, had been operating a wireless system of its own down on the Caribbean. The Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company, a protege of United Fruit was, with its patents, brought in at the same time.

The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company acquired control of the patents and assets of the International Radio Telegraph Company when the latter was reorganized May 22, 1920. Thirteen months later, June 13, 1921, the Westinghouse extended its rights under the Armstrong-Pupin patents to the General Electric. On June 30 there was a general exchange by the Westinghouse of patent rights with other members of the combination and the same day saw the sale to the Radio Corporation of all patents, licenses under patents, as well as other assets, of the International Radio Company in return for a million shares each of common and preferred Radio Corporation stock. After this the trust busied itself with picking up loose ends. In September, 1922, the Radio Corporation organized the Federal Telegraph Company of Delaware for the purpose of taking over the agreement which the Federal Telegraph Company of California had reached with the then existing Chinese Government for the erection of several broadcasting stations. The deal also provided for an exchange of patent rights between the California company and the trust-owned Delaware company. The last important group of patents, those of the Radio Engineering Company of New York, came in on March 14, 1923, although several others have since been acquired.

Besides arranging for the cross-licensing of patents, these and other agreements provide for the exchange of technical and research information between the various

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members of the trust, and to make it increasingly difficult for outsiders or "non-licensees" to intrude upon the monopoly still other agreements place severe restrictions on the uses to which trust products may be put. The Radio Corporation apparatus, for example, may be sold to competing companies for shore-to-ship or ship-to-shore communication, but must not be resold or used for tolls and, other things being equal, the Radio Corporation must be given preference in routing business transmitted by such apparatus.

The principal members of the combination, except the telephone company, have been continuously represented on the Radio Corporation's board of directors.

II

Although it has already gathered several thick volumes of testimony on the radio question, the Federal Trade Commission is still struggling with the problem, and indications are that it will not be ready to conclude its hearings, which were started in October, 1925, before the end of another year. Then, if the commission finds that the Radio Trust has been engaging in unfair methods of competition, the battle will in all likelihood be transferred to the courts, there to drag on for many years. The hearings thus far have brought out the contention by representatives and witnesses for the combination that the Radio Corporation of America, the heart of the trust, was organized purely as a patriotic venture. The Radio Corporation itself asserted that it "was created primarily with a motive of carrying on, and it has since carried on, *a patriotic service* of making a world-wide communication system of radio in which the most important influence rests in the United States of America and with American citizens." The General Electric unburdened itself of the declaration that "the Radio Corporation of America was created *in order to carry out the expressed desires and wishes of the United States*, communicated by its officers and servants."

During the war with Germany, according to the picture witnesses for both sides have sketched, the Navy Department controlled almost all the wireless facilities in the United States. Under Navy direction a wide-flung system of radio communication was developed, some research work carried on, and many wireless patents collected. At the close of the war the Navy was required to dispose of the radio property it had acquired or developed and to abandon a great part of its communication system. Most of the patents found their way into the Radio Trust pool and the communication system was turned over to the Radio Corporation, which, according to a patent lawyer on the stand for the trust, was organized for that purpose; indeed, it "was practically the order of the Navy Department" that the step be taken. The Navy went even further by lending Rear Admiral W. H. G. Bullard, director of naval communications, to the corporation, and he sat in as a member of its board of directors throughout its first years.

The patriotic touch is suggested in other places in the testimony. It was necessary, for example, to have the control of transoceanic radio traffic in American hands to save valued messages of the United States from the "possible espionage" of foreign countries, most of the cable systems being under alien domination. Moreover, some of the foreign cable companies had knowingly held up American commercial orders to give business houses in their own countries the opportunity of making more favorable bids for these orders; this could be remedied by an American-controlled radio system.

The prize testimony was that revealing the existence of a radio Monroe Doctrine for South America. The four big radio companies of the world, the American Radio Corporation, British Marconi, German Telefunken, and French T. S. F., it was related by Albert G. Davis of the General Electric staff, created a separate company to handle all wireless communications with South America. These firms invested equal amounts of capital in the new company and each was given two places on its board, but a ninth director, to act as chairman, was to be named by the Radio Corporation. This ninth director, Davis said, was given the power of veto over any action taken by the board "and . . . no affirmative action [was] to be taken over the veto of this American, it being the idea that the Monroe Doctrine was a negative doctrine rather than a positive one and that it was the carrying out of that doctrine if we had an American *who had power to prevent things being done in South America.*" Later he explained that because of this arrangement "no foreign group is in a position to use wireless facilities in South America to promote its selfish national interests."

In South America, as in China, the Radio Corporation has appeared on the scene as an alien invader, a bit of exploitation to which neither the Chinese nor the South Americans could resort in the United States. The Radio Act of 1927 specifically provides that no broadcasting station license shall be granted to any organization or company which has an alien on its board of directors or in any of its executive positions or to any company "of which more than one-fifth of the capital stock may be voted by aliens." Great Britain, Japan, and Denmark protested against the Radio Corporation's invasion of China, but so far as public records reveal no one in South America has objected to its intrusion there.

Further evidence of the Government's godfatherly attitude toward the trust is found in the testimony of Emil J. Simon, prominent radio engineer of Cleveland, Ohio, and erstwhile associate of Lee De Forest. He declared that although his company had supplied the Navy with wireless apparatus before the war, since then, or rather since the formation of the Radio Corporation, it had not been awarded one contract. "In the majority of cases my bid was lower," he said, and yet the contracts went to his competitors, General Electric, Westinghouse, and Western Electric. "The reason given," he continued, "was that Government officials considered the apparatus of the other companies to be superior . . . although in each case I had agreed to supply apparatus that fully met the specifications of the Government."

Other testimony by this witness weakened another of the trust's props. The trust contends that the Radio Corporation was entirely responsible for the development of broadcasting, in fact, that broadcasting was unknown before it entered the field. Simon, however, asserted that in 1910, a decade before the trust came into being, De Forest broadcast from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York the operas "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and that he, Simon, was aboard a Royal Mail liner at sea and heard the operas. He added that "the reception was excellent." Incidentally, in a public address on April 30, Admiral Bullard said that "the Navy Department was really the first practical broadcaster in this country."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

What can be done about the Radio Trust? It can be allowed, of course, to drift along as at present on its good behavior, though modern-day combinations have shown no greater regard for the public welfare than the trusts of yesterday. Certainly the combination, by pooling its engineering talent, has not contributed enough to science or even to its own industry to outweigh the disadvantages imposed upon the public in the way of stifled competition, control of an important class of communications, and possession of arbitrary power to increase prices on its goods. The technical and scientific advance made by the trust has been one of volume rather than quality, more than half of the existing basic radio patents having resulted from individual efforts made before the trust was created.

Piecemeal supervision of the radio industry might serve to keep the trust in check. Separate laws could be passed to break up the system of cross-licensing of patents, to require patent holders either to put their patents to definite and practical use or surrender them to the Government, and to abolish the restrictions now placed by the trusts on the uses of its products. The Federal Trade Commission could prevent unreasonable price boosting by breaking up the monopoly on the manufacture and sale of radio equipment. The commission could also insist upon an open and unrestricted market for the purchase of broadcasting apparatus. The Federal Radio Commission could act to divorce the trust from its connections with telephone and telegraph companies as required by the radio act. The Interstate Commerce Commission could prevent the combination from making unjust discriminations. These things and more could be done, but at best they would be lacking in co-ordination and definite direction. The only other apparent solution is to place the entire industry and radio system under unified control.

The Navy Department did a pretty good job of controlling wireless during the World War, both in giving efficient service and in promoting the science of radio communication. The radio act provides that the President may take over the entire radio system in case of another war. If the Government is deemed competent to operate the radio system in the confusing circumstances which attend all wars, why could it not do as well in time of peace? Moreover, even now the Navy is transmitting press and commercial messages in certain sections of the world for American organizations and citizens. Perhaps the Navy Department would not, for various reasons, be the department to which public radio communications should be entrusted. Other technicalities might prevent the Post Office Department from extending its present jurisdiction over certain classes of communications to include wireless. The importance of the radio question loomed large enough before Congress, however, to inspire the creation of the Federal Radio Commission. This body is essentially concerned only with the broadcasting situation. But having made this start, why not go the whole hog by extending the commission's authority to embrace supervision of wireless patents, regulation of the manufacture and sale of broadcasting and receiving equipment, and absolute control of radio communications, wireless telephony, and the broadcasting of electric power?

The Catholic "Renaissance" in France

By IDA TREAT

Paris, June 9

THERE is considerable talk today about the "Renaissance" of Catholicism in France. The discussion is by no means confined to the ranks of the faithful who yearn for the repentant return of the "elder daughter of the Church" after a century of exile among the riotous husks of anti-clericalism. Even the dyed-in-the-wool Radicals, the time-honored *mangeurs de curés*, murmur with anxiety and alarm that anti-clericalism itself, the principal plank in the Radical Party platform, shows signs of becoming worm-eaten and threatens to collapse.

Catholicism, in any event, stands today in the limelight. The unprejudiced layman—and the fact that such exist in increasing numbers is in itself a sign of the times—sees on every hand evidence that the tension between Catholics and non-Catholics has temporarily relaxed, a phenomenon without precedent since the "laic laws" were voted a quarter of a century ago.

It may be argued with a show of truth that the present cessation of hostilities represents a temporary truce based entirely on political considerations, and that its longevity depends on the fortunes of the Poincaré-Briand Government and the fluctuations of the foreign policy of the Quai d'Orsay. But, judging by the present, there is no lack of proof in many quarters that the "*frères ennemis*" have for the time being laid down their arms.

To those who are acquainted with the old spirit of intolerance on the part of anti-clerical France for anything that remotely resembled Catholic propaganda, the utilization of the radio for Catholic broadcasting represents an astonishing concession. Nowadays the non-churchgoers have their Sunday lunch hour enlivened by sermons delivered by prominent Jesuit fathers against a charming background of Bach and Palestrina, broadcast from the station of the Tour Eiffel. The innovation did bring forth a mild protest from the non-Catholic press, coupled with the suggestion that if Catholic sermons are to be tolerated, they should at least be supplemented by those of Jewish rabbis and Protestant pastors—a suggestion which apparently fell on deaf ears, for the Catholic fathers continue to enjoy a monopoly of the radio and throughout Lent, in addition to the customary Sunday morning service, the vesper sermons of the eloquent Père Sanson were broadcast from Notre Dame.

At the same time, the subject appears to have invaded the field of letters. The discussion over the nature of "pure poetry" has brought into special prominence the figure of the Abbé Brémond, former Jesuit and member of the French Academy. That learned body, by choosing Monseigneur Baudrillart, rector of the Université Catholique, as its representative to America, gave recent proof that anti-clericalism does not thrive beneath the dome of the Immortals. The return to Catholicism of the former group of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nouvelle Revue Française—Jacques Copeau and the late Jacques Riviére—is already history. Jacques Maritain and the néo-Thomistes have recruited certain elements of the older-young literature, with Jean Cocteau and his friends, whose somewhat spectacular conversion was celebrated last year by the publication of two volumes of "Letters" in appropriately rose-pink covers.

The political activity of the various Catholic organizations, and particularly the Féderation Nationale Catholique under the direction of that staunch patriot, General de Castelnau, began to take definite shape in the years that followed the War. In France, as in other countries, the nationalizing of God and the Church during war-time had placed French Catholicism in strict alliance with the nationalistic parties—the Right and the Extreme Right. The role played by the "fighting curés" during the conflict intensified this position and at the same time gained for the Church and its representatives a certain degree of popular fávor. When the Viviani Government voted in 1914 to suspend temporarily all measures concerning the enforcement of the *"lois laiques"* it paved the way for the return of the exiled religious orders, many of which came quietly and unofficially back to France, from Belgium and from the Near East, during the years that followed. When hostilities ended, the Catholic Right felt that the moment had come for a direct attack on the obnoxious laic laws and in fact on the whole religious policy of the government.

The renewal of diplomatic relations with the Vatican constituted the first important step in this direction—a victory easily won, it being an open secret that the elections of both Deschanel and Millerand to the presidency had been assured by Catholic elements rallied by the promise of a papal ambassador. Encouraged by this first success, the Catholic organizations with the Féderation Nationale and the D.R.A.C.—Ligue pour le Droit des Religieux Anciens Combattants—in the lead, staged all over France and particularly in Brittany and the Vendée immense popular demonstrations against the "infamous laic laws;" they placarded the country with posters demanding the return of the religious orders "whose loyalty to France was proved during the war," proclaiming that *"la liberté se prend"* and that "unjust laws should not be obeyed." Catholic bishops openly encouraged local priests to brave expulsion by refusing to pay rent; others threatened to excommunicate the purchasers of former Church property. Propaganda sheets from the dispossessed orders insisted that their former holdings be restored and demanded the repeal of the 1904 law which robbed them of the opportunity to teach. The problem of applying the laic laws to Alsace-Lorraine where the religious orders had enjoyed a privileged situation under German rule furnished a fresh source of agitation. In March, 1925, the assembly of French bishops and cardinals gave out a statement which represented a veritable declaration of war against the laws of separation. Never since 1904 had the antagonism between the French Church and the French Government appeared more apparent.

But this is an age of Internationals. At the moment when the tension between the Catholic Nationalists and the cartel government seemed strained to the breaking point Rome made its first spectacular intervention in French home affairs. The papal nuncio, Monseigneur Cerretti, disavowed publicly at Notre Dame and in the name of the Holy See the inopportune declaration of the French bishops. The Briand Government had found a new ally. This brusque substitution of papal diplomacy for the warlike tactics of the Catholic Nationalists inserted an entering wedge between the Church and its Nationalist supporters, particularly those of the Extreme Right who had hoped to utilize the anti-clerical question as a means for furthering their own political ends.

To those who have followed the development of the international policy of the Vatican since the war there is nothing surprising or paradoxical in the recent manifestations of this policy in France. Even before the papal encyclical of 1922 had claimed for the international action of the Church the "imposing consecration of centuries" and had aroused the wrath of French conservatives by the much-disputed phrase concerning the "artificial peace," it was evident that the Vatican had learned the lesson of the war: that nationalism in its strictest sense is the enemy of the Church international. When the newly appointed nuncio, Monseigneur Maglione, celebrated his arrival in Paris last winter by an official declaration in favor of Locarno, there was no longer any doubt that the Church had decided to link its destinies in France, as in Germany, with the elements composing the Center—the "anti-clerical" government of the Man of Locarno, Aristide Briand.

This meant, of course, a split with the Extreme Right. It came in the form of the condemnation of the Royalists of *l'Action Française*—the extremists of the extreme—ostensibly for sins, "against morality and the faith." Both League and newspaper were placed under the ban. That this was a political offensive has escaped no one, least of all *l'Action Française*, today the most "anti-clerical" paper in France. Docile in appearance at first, the Royalists are now resisting with all their might; and there is a certain humor in the sight of these former champions of the Church attacking the chiefs of Catholicism at home and abroad and denouncing with their habitual virulence the unwarranted intrusion of a "foreign power" (sic) in home affairs!

But Rome is no mean adversary. After the Index the Holy Penitentiary has come into action. No absolution for the unrepentant Ligueurs; no admission to the sacraments; exclusion from Catholic organizations. In a word, excommunication awaits all those who refuse to abandon the Royalist group. And these are not empty threats, for some weeks ago the Archbishop of Rouen refused to sit on the same platform with an ex-admiral and prominent Royalist during the dedication of a war memorial. The Bishop of Bordeaux has suspended a Gironde priest—former Carthusian monk and war veteran with many medals—because of his political opinions. Three young Royalists who sold copies of *l'Action Française* one Sunday after mass in the square of the Cathedral at Meaux were startled by the sudden appearance of the Archbishop himself in pomp and vestments, who proceeded to excommunicate the "public sinners."

On the surface the Royalists still appear to be holding their own. But there is little doubt that a large per cent of their sympathizers who have no taste for martyrdom will end by giving in to Rome. In the meantime the old enemies of *l'Action Française*, anti-clericals and moderate Catholics alike, *"boivent du lait,"* as they say in France. The Poincaré-Briand Government also has reasons for satisfaction; the opposition at the Right is temporarily disposed of. And at what price? Here it may be well to quote Cardinal Gasparri. "Thus—by suppressing *l'Action Française*—" states the eminent churchman in an open letter to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Archbishop of Aix, "we will obtain the union of all true Catholics. And thanks to this union we may hope if not for the repeal at least for the amendment of the impious laic laws which are working the desolation of France."

A "union of all true Catholics"—that is to say, the regrouping of French Catholics in a unified political body which will join forces with the Radicals of the defunct Cartel Left to create a new Bloc d'Union Nationale at the Center in view of the 1928 elections. This union of Catholics and anti-clericals, in a strong political Center, with a platform of mutual concessions and a common home and foreign policy—stabilization and Locarno—carries with it the elimination of the parties of opposition. The Church having disposed of *l'Action Française*, the Communists are now the object of a vigorous governmental offensive, launched a few weeks ago by Sarraut, Minister of the Interior, in an address at Constantine.

In the meantime, Marc Sagnier and the Catholic democrats have come into their own. Their congress in April at Bierville grouped anti-clericals and Catholics, Frenchmen, Germans, and other foreign representatives in the interests of international peace. In a recent meeting in Paris, organized by the Committee of Action for the Society of Nations and presided over jointly by Professor Aulard, historian and anti-clerical, and Monseigneur Julian, Bishop of Arras, an impressive number of priests and laymen celebrated the ideals of "peace and democracy" in an atmosphere of concord and reconciliation which found its most striking expression in the speech of M. Aulard. "A great force has risen in the world," said this time-honored foe of the Church, "a force for peace, a moral force . . . the Catholic Church."

The Church in France has the wind in its sails. Politically speaking, its position is more favorable than it has been for years. That it has already attracted a certain intellectual elite cannot be disputed, nor that it continues to draw upon certain categories of the youth of the middle class. At a time when temporal power appears to totter and the old forms of society show signs of disintegration, it is normal that the more conservative elements through fear of revolution or loss of faith in social progress, who often appear to confuse religion and political order, turn to the Church, its organization and traditions, as toward a factor of stability. The Church in France, thanks to the policy of Rome, is today in a situation that should prove fertile for religious propaganda. But until the effects of that propaganda are visible in the mass of French citizens —indifferent as yet if not frankly hostile—there can be no definite or durable "Renaissance" of Catholicism.

The Forward Turn

By MARY AUSTIN

Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.—Ps. 68:13.

EVERY accentuation of a great social movement such as came to a crisis in the granting of votes to women will have its characterizing trait. In this case, the notation of the advanced-woman movement has been sex antagonism. Without visible ancestry, the cry of votes for women, toward the last quarter of the last century, became tinged with acrimony, a feeling of resistance to and rasped resentment against the prevailing attitude of men toward women. No such color can be discovered in the recorded words of the great women leaders, Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, Anna Howard Shaw; maiden ladies all, and according to a popular myth of the period, more susceptible than not to such antagonisms. What actually animated these women was a conviction of human injustice in the part allotted to women in the social scheme, a conviction of social inutility. To discover why there sprang up among the hosts of their adherents a sense of being ranked against men as men, of being pitched for battle, we shall have to go back of the leaders of organized propaganda to the obscure beginnings of whatever it was in the deeps of American womankind to make them suffragists at all.

Too much has been made of the long rankling injustice of woman's position in the nineteenth century and earlier. Too little of that injustice was intended as such or can be historically traced to male initiative, to have become legitimately the source of widespread resentment. What every honest feminist now knows is that they simply seized upon existing injustices, sought them out, and flourished them as so many excuses for entitling them to what they so ardently wanted, a working partnership in social affairs. The true root of nineteenth-century feminism is to be found at the source of the feminine appetite for large-scale social participation and the new-found conviction of American women that they were abundantly equal to the execution of their growing aspiration. It is to be found in the two hundred years' history of the democratization of women.

In the beginning of the American experiment females were ranked as either women or ladies, according to the economic standing of their nearest male relatives. But in the United States, where every man was theoretically as good as every other, every wife found herself morally obliged to become a lady as speedily as possible. And since, under pioneer conditions, she had also to perform all the traditional tasks of womankind, largely with her own hands, the situation called forth and extended to the uttermost all the stored energies of the female line. She was a poor creature indeed who by the middle of the century could not scrub and bake and spin and rear her young and be ready on occasion also to present herself as the lady of the house. This immense stimulation of organizing and executive ability among American women, which had received a sharp fillip in the exigencies of the Civil War, in which women played an unprecedented part, whetted both the appetite and the conviction of competence, for which women as a class suddenly demanded satisfaction. And women when they want a thing, far exceed men in the immediacy of their demand and the cogency of their reasons for it.

There was a time, between the end of the Civil War and the appearance of a definitely popular suffrage party, when the forward turn might have taken almost any character. That the various springs of advanced movement coalesced in the effort to secure the vote for women was, in a large measure, due to the fact that Americans had not yet con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vinced themselves of the futility of political action as a means of realizing some of their dearest aims, so that the vote remained for women, as it had been at the founding for men, a covering symbol of the coveted equality of opportunity. From the literature of that time it is easy to discover that women wanted, and men feared to concede, many things other than the right to participate in general elections and office-holding. Frances Willard wanted so many things that her work as a suffrage leader has been obscured by the struggle for the abolition of strong drink which she precipitated. As one brought up in her train, and taking from her many unconscious lines of direction, I know that prohibition was only the most immediate of her partisanships, and not the all-saving measure it later became to her disciples. Frances Willard was one of those virgins who, by the clean excision of all personal sex persuasions, were released to its larger, socialized aspects in a vision so wide and filled with light that it passed almost entirely beyond the perception of her monumental following. It was not until one was brought into direct contact with the "advanced" sex attitude of pre-war radicalism that one discovered it to be mere muddled groping, compared to what Frances Willard had so intuitively known and intelligently clarified about the time when H. G. Wells and G. B. Shaw were occupied with the contents of nursing bottles. Miss Willard not only knew what she was about but she was past mistress of the art of setting other feet in the way to it, even though they knew not at all whither it led. For women who, like our mothers, feared to tread where they longed, she had a little sacred charm—no other than the text I have set at the head of this essay—weighted with all the power of secret longing and the authority of Holy Writ. I recall as though it were yesterday when my mother's turn came to be shown this mystery, after which it was a foregone conclusion that if my mother's daughter did not cover her own feathers with fine gold, she at least would not lie among the pots.

Miss Willard taught her followers by the hundred thousand to work for suffrage as a means to the larger ends; and there is strong presumptive evidence that the quarrel between the radical and conservative wings of the organized suffrage groups, as to which of them really called the turn to victory, will eventually be settled in favor of the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; those deeply convinced, unadvertised small-town women who, more than any group of women in the world, were able to consolidate the consent of their sons and husbands in favor of votes for women.

One wonders, however, if the women who served on sanitary commissions and belonged to the first Prohibition Party would have agreed on suffrage as the main issue had they realized that among their daughters would develop the sex antagonism that sharpened the conflict to its conclusions, and among their granddaughters the sex revolt which has given rise to the exasperated speculation as to whether any younger generation was ever so abandoned as this one. But such a sequence was both logical and predictable, for the advanced thought on the related sex problems of that period was not only of incredible boldness, it was of an innocence so incorrigible that its final implications were missed even by its own prophets.

No mistake that our intelligentsia has made in interpreting our immediate American past has contributed so much to their own obfuscation as that of imputing studied hypocrisy to the sex conventions of the period in which our present revolt from those conventions took its rise. Except of course as hypocrisy plays its part in all social conventions, American women, at the period of which I write, in their progressive conquest of the material environment of marriage, had mastered every one of its implications except the one which involved them in the ever-recurrent, hopelessly inescapable expectancy of maternity. Marriage, for them, still meant children and the demanding, unremitting maternal care unrealizable by the present age of nickel-plated sanitation, prophylactics, and anti-toxins. As for the medical science of that time, it served rather to enlarge the borders of apprehension. Literature of the day makes it plain that women were awake to the pitiful implications of a second child crowding on the nursling years of the first, of the tragic possibilities involved in bearing children to diseased or dissolute husbands, of continuing a defective strain the very existence of which was concealed from the young parents under taboos imposed by the terrible innocent ignorance of the Victorian years, and all this before there was any admitted discussion of possible relief. So overshadowed was marriage in that age by the certainty of children that those of us who attained to college educations did so too often under the maternal admonition: "But, *of course*, I shall expect that you won't throw it all away on some *man!*" And in the use of the word *man* in that connection lay the determining implication.

In those late nineteenth-century decades all the disabilities of excessive child-bearing were charged up to the horrid appetites of the husband. Not only did the current phrases of birth control and contraceptives not come into use until the women of the pioneer suffrage generations were past being interested in them, but nobody, positively *nobody*, had yet suggested that women are passionately endowed even as men are; not good women! That sexual desire was something to which God in His inscrutable wisdom had sacrificed all women, was so certainly believed by my mother's generation that it was never even successfully camouflaged by preachers and teachers with blague about the sanctity of motherhood. But my own generation still lacked even a vocabulary by which measures of escape could be intelligently discussed. As for the convenient and illuminating terminology of "sex psychology" with which modern youth mitigates its own confusion, everyone knows that it was still some twenty years ahead. And if our fathers were also beginning to hedge the situation in their thoughts, they were, if less innocent than the mothers, no less ignorant and even more disposed to leave the subject as they found it shrouded by its cloud of incommunicability.

Out of this situation, shot through with intimations of knowledge without wisdom, women of my generation came to a half-formulated certainty that the chief obstacle to all they most wished for was to be found in the maleness of men. It was a notion that, once entertained, found plenty to feed upon.

There was, of course, a measure of masculine opposition to women's advance, which did so take its rise. For men are not only so intrigued with the mystery of sex that they habitually pretend to more mystery than really exists, they are temperamentally disinclined to the readjustments of the personal life called for by an alteration of feminine values. Also, men were already ensconced in all the professional, financial, and political situations which women were beginning to covet, unable to yield them easily. All the rhythms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of politics and trade were set to their tunes. Women who had attempted these things on their own account were disposed to interpret the natural resistance of competition that they encountered, in terms of sex prejudice. Equally they failed to attribute to themselves a widespread lack of professional technique; and they had not yet made the devastating discovery that women have little professional talent.

By talent I mean the particular aptitudes developed by age-long specialization in particular modes of expression, such as the talent for painting which is just beginning to appear among women, or the talent for musical composition which has not appeared at all. It is probable that this very recent discovery is largely responsible for the retardation of woman's progress which has so visibly set in even among women who honestly believed that a membership in the Woman's Party or the Lucy Stone League and an unremitting habit of industry were all they needed to place them equally among men. But fifteen years ago, if such a lack were admitted—and it was not admitted in many quarters—it was invariably attributed to man's deliberate oppression of woman. Did not all our intelligentsia combine to prove it to us out of history, folk-lore, anthropology, and whatever went by the name of science at that time? Is there any sociological thesis which cannot be so proved by the science of the age which produces it? At any rate, if there were, here and there, a suffragist who suspected that the vote might not mean all to women that they anticipated, she kept it to herself, out of loyalty to the cause or out of realization that there was no one prepared to receive it.

It is possible that the legend of male oppression flattered the male susceptibility, since there was little opposition to it, other than the contention of the antis that if men had never oppressed women it was because women had been so natively inferior as not to need it. Whatever the argument, it all contributed to give to the forward turn of twentieth-century feminism the aspect of a duel between the sexes; woman against man, and the woman's star in the ascendent.

Now that the turn is accomplished, and nothing startlingly political or professional seems to be determined by it, what does stand out in the nature of an achievement is the escape not of one sex from the other but of both from a social complex unwholesomely driven and informed by sex distinctions. Now that political and professional preferment are redistributing themselves along lines that, though not obviously determined by sex tradition, still leave men enormously in the lead, women are beginning to see that the adversary was not the man, not the mate, not even institutionalized marriage, but hopelessly uncontrolled multiplication. What she really fought, that advanced woman of forty years ago, was not so much a manifestation of male dominance as of sexual overemphasis from which there is no true escape except as the man and woman escape together. For Bernard Shaw was right inasmuch as he saw and never failed to point out that woman, even when she seemed to flee at her most furious, was, as much as ever man was, entangled in the moral futilities, the spiritual ecstasies, the utilitarianism, the humiliations of our common sexual life. In this, her latest flight, symbolized but not perfected by political suffrage, she has drawn after her all society, with her wings only slightly silvered by achievement, but still definitely away from the company of the pots and the service of the sacred kitchen stove under which obscured symbol man once saw in her the perpetual breast, the all-sustaining mother. This, I take it, is the meaning of the forward turn of my generation, not any particular quality of achievement but a new front set squarely to a new progress in which the play of the reproductive function will be reduced to more practicable proportions. Practicable, I mean, in the sense of being better adapted to a higher type of social realization. For what *could* we have done with a society bound blindly upon the wheel of its own increase?

All that votes for women seems to mean at the moment is a marker for the turn at which the redistribution of sex emphasis begins. As one who fought the good fight, I shall be satisfied if only the next turn is not called by men in revolt against the too exigent femininity of women.

Compulsion at DePauw

By ELLIS COWLING

IT seemed that everything was ready for their coming; the freshmen had after weeks of drill learned almost perfectly the manual of arms, the sophomores seemed thoroughly imbued with "the spirit of the bayonet" and versatile in the fine art of thrust and jab. That afternoon was to come the big parade and inspection, and there were whisperings that DePauw University might again win the star of "distinguished college" among the Reserve Officers' Training Corps units of its area. But the president had been out of town and the assistant had his wires crossed in planning chapel for that day. When the austere colonels from the United States army were seated on the front seats of the chapel platform and the students had taken their places, everyone expected to hear a message from one of the guests telling of the pressing need for "preparedness, a better national defense, an adequate preparation for a national emergency"—not that any one wanted war, of course. Instead of this, two students were called upon to give a report of the Methodist Student Conference recently held in Louisville. Evidently they had heard something of militarism, for in no uncertain terms they condemned the system represented by the "honored guests" of the occasion.

The students were surprised, shocked, amused, indignant, depending on individual temperament, and a few left chapel more sober-faced than usual. The events of the half hour had started some questioning in their minds as to whether DePauw, a supposedly Christian institution at Greencastle, Indiana, was justified in making two years' preparation for wholesale killing a prerequisite for graduation. That questioning crystallized into opinions, and opinions into expressed convictions. Little groups met here and there, on the way to class, at the dinner table, in their rooms, asking if there was no way to rid DePauw of militarism.

Two years passed and another president replaced the one who went to China as a Methodist Bishop. The Methodist General Conference had in the meantime passed a resolution which electrified Christian America:

> War is the supreme enemy of mankind. Its futility is beyond question. Its continuance is the suicide of civilization. We are determined to outlaw the whole war system. . . . Our nation and our church can do now what it may never be able to do again. We set ourselves to create the will to peace. . . . Through its educational program our church must mold the present youth of all nations into a peace-loving generation.

Things came to a head in the autumn of 1925. Those

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who felt the deep wrong of the situation met in order to plan some definite action under the leadership of a senior who had been a soldier, who knew the hell of the battle-field, whose eyes were a bit haunting as he remembered the anguish of it. A resolution was prepared and submitted to the president pleading in the name of Christianity, of the Methodist church, of the principles of democracy, and of humanity that DePauw no longer force her sons to be a part of the war system. A petition, bearing the names of scores of students, which asked that the resolution be made a policy, was also taken to the administrative office. But those who took these documents to the president met unexpected rebuff. They were informed of their inexperience, their shortness of life and immaturity of judgment as compared with those who had lived a little longer. They were told that nothing calling for any such action had been meant by the resolution passed by the General Conference. Since the president had helped formulate it, he knew what had been meant.

The president then called on an influential faculty committee, composed of seven members including an R. O. T. C. officer, to investigate the military problem and make a recommendation. The committee recommended that military training be made optional. The president rejected the report of the committee and hand-picked another whose members were more favorable to the situation as it stood. This committee recommended that the compulsory feature be retained. It was.

One concession, however, was with some difficulty secured. It was granted that "conscientious objectors" might be excused from taking military training provided they took double the usual amount of work required in physical education. No academic credit toward graduation was given for this extra work, which meant that the student must also take four extra academic hours in order to secure the necessary one hundred and twenty for graduation. Academic credit had always been given for military training. Then almost immediately the number of hours of military training required for graduation was increased by one half. The student leaders smiled a bit grimly.

During the college year 1926-27 the Educational Policy Committee of the Faculty, composed of Vice-President Longden, Deans Post and Sweet, and eight professors, voted four times to request the president to bring to the faculty a report asking for the elimination of the compulsory feature of drill. The final vote of this committee was 8 to 2, with one not voting. At last, on May 10, 1927, the faculty was allowed to vote on the issue, and out of a total of sixty voting members the vote stood 19 to 12 to make military training optional. The charter of the University states that the faculty shall determine all requirements for graduation, so everybody supposed that this vote settled the matter. President Murlin himself wrote letters to a number of people, including one to Professor George A. Coe, chairman of the Committee on Militarism in Education, in which he said:

"At the meeting of our faculty on May 10 it was voted that military drill, hitherto required of all freshmen and sophomores, be made optional for next year. This may be released if you so desire."

But supporters of the military were not downed. They appealed to President Murlin again, and he chose to overrule the faculty decision and call for a new vote—a secret vote—on the part of the faculty by mail. The result of this secret mail ballot was 28 to 22 in favor of optional instead of compulsory military training. Three army officers voted in this second count, who had not voted in the open meeting.

Having failed now with the Faculty Committee on Educational Policy, which had voted four times against compulsion, and having failed with the faculty as a whole, which had voted twice, the president bethought him that perhaps the students would be more pliable. He called a special meeting of this year's and next year's student councils and asked them to vote on the question. Of the twenty-seven members but fourteen were present. The vote was 8 to 6 in favor of required military training. Of the eight votes in favor, four were cast by members of Scabbard and Blade, an honorary military fraternity, and two by girl sponsors of military companies, leaving but two who might be expected to be unbiased.

Then the advanced military student officers, while the freshmen and sophomores were lined up in military formation, passed petitions through the ranks asking the faculty and the president to make military drill required for next year. To complete the petitions, they were later passed around by a thorough canvass of the campus. A very large per cent of the men in the sophomore, freshmen, and junior classes, the only ones approached, signed the petitions.

Some students signed them jokingly, not believing they had any significance. Others signed because they feared an unfavorable effect on their grades, others wished incoming freshmen to get the same dose of military compulsion which had been theirs, and some, of course, signed sincerely. But whatever the reasons for this student petition, it gave the president the chance he had been seeking to ask for another secret faculty vote. This time he requested the faculty to allow him permission to continue the compulsory requirement for the next college year. President Murlin's resignation, already accepted, takes effect next June. Many of the faculty refused to vote on this military question ad infinitum, but thirty-four members voted, and the vote was 28 to 6 for letting the president continue compulsory drill.

There remains, however, this question: Does military training have to rest not only on the compulsion of students but on the compulsion of a university faculty as well?

A Bit of Russian Patchwork

By KARL BORDERS

MOTHER VOLGA was at the highest tide in fifty years when we went aboard the steamer Kalenin at Nizhni Novgorod. The buildings of the famous fair across the river were half submerged. Boats of all descriptions were plying the lower streets where a few days before droshkies rumbled over the cobbles. Swarms of stevedores came and went like ants, rustling bags and boxes onto the crowded lower deck. Between their ranks heavily laden peasants crowded their way aboard, bearing half the family possessions on their backs—huge baskets, chickens, goats, babies, and teapots.

You will be told that classes on the trains and boats have been eliminated, that it is a question of whether you wish to pay for more or less elegant and comfortable quarters. As for us, we went second. The cabin was clean and comfortable enough and had the advantage of privacy. There were no sheets or blankets because a party of visiting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans, traveling first, had been given the entire ship's stock. But we had come down third class from Moscow and, after even one night on a shelf, any kind of bed with springs is a blessing. As for blankets, we were prepared, for no one who has once traveled in Russia will be caught a second time without his blanket and his tea pot.

But if there are still classes in the transportation system, the classes often get most strangely mixed. The medley of forms and faces in the corridor and the dining-room began to take on individuality as we picked our way among the tree-tops down the swollen stream.

Most striking and most garrulous was the old Bolshevik, a dark man with flashing eye and enormous mustaches. His revolutionary activities dated from the time of the Japanese war, as he was proud to relate. He had revolted from the inhuman discipline of the army, deserted and fled in a box car through Siberia. After that the usual story of prisons, secret activities, war, revolution. But behold him now, a man of importance, a member of the Soviet of the City of Kazan, bristling with documents—a member of the ruling party, off to a sanatorium in the Caucasus, there to drink the famous Narzan waters and even to bathe in their miraculous flow.

His were stories of fighting on many fronts, of famine and of wolves, stories to thrill the heart of the romancer and the movie-scenario writer. Once in the forests of the North he and his two companions, bearing a message of importance, were waylaid by a large band of bandits. His comrades mounted the horses and made for safety with the papers, leaving him to cope with the bandits and to guard the remainder of their belongings in the sleigh. He quickly dropped three of his assailants with his rifle. The others made off. Then out of the twilight came worse than bandits —wolves. Again his trusty rifle, first as a long range weapon, then as a club. Toward morning, he struggled in to the nearest cabin, half dead. With this and many like stories, he regaled us.

The conversation turned to priests and religion. At this a quiet young Jew, while protesting his freedom from religious taint, rose to the defense of his people and set our merchant right on some of his religious information.

"Well, not all priests are bad," remarked a young official from the Ukraine. "I remember one very gratefully. Our regiment had cleared a certain village of Wrangel's Whites and were billeted for the night in the homes of the villagers. I lodged with the village priest. I was tired and sleepy but I am always fond of an argument, and finding the old man an interesting conversationalist, we talked and argued religion until long past midnight. Then I lay down and slept like one dead. When I awoke the first sight that greeted me made my heart come into my mouth. The room was full of White officers gathered around the samovar. Our regiment had been driven out by an unexpected force of Whites in the early morning. I felt certain that the end was near. Then I noticed that my uniform was gone and that in its place was a suit of ordinary clothing. But before I had time to speak, the old priest noticed that I was awake and much to my surprise introduced me as his son. I fell into the part, meantime remaining in bed and waiting for the priest to make the next move. The officers wished to know why I was not in the White army, to which the priest replied that he had another son in that army, which was true, and that I had also been in the army but was now unwell and had been furloughed home. Any suspicions the officers may have had were stilled and I lay back on the pillow much relieved in mind. That same day the Whites moved on, my regiment reoccupied the town, and I joined my surprised companions who had thought me dead or taken prisoner. When I thanked the old priest for the kindness he had done me, he replied simply that he, too, had a son. I learned from the villagers that he was an honest man and devoted to the welfare of his people."

Besides the merchant Astrakhan-bound, there were others who drifted in and out of the scene. One man had shifting eyes; his only contribution to the conversation was a comment on river travel in the good old days when it was difficult to get a cabin and when there was hilarious life in the dining-rooms. He told, too, of how he had once won fifty thousand rubles at a gaming table in Moscow. The other was a well-fed merchant, also of the old school, who with little change of costume might have stepped out of the times of Boris Godunov. With his beard and blouse and the good leather belt that accentuated his girth, he was still a romantic figure. Formerly a wealthy grain dealer, he was now employed by the government grain trust and was buying grain in the rich lower Volga valley. He was openly religious. He sipped tea and opened a bottle of wine with a white-haired old priest and his son in the dining-room, and when we talked in private, made light of any hope on the future of Russia under the present regime.

The impression of Russia one gets from such experiences is one of scrambled incongruity. These few short years since the Great War have mixed centuries, periods, and ages so unceremoniously that the effect is often as bewildering as a passage from Alice in Wonderland. Priests and Communists, camels and tractors, peasants and princes travel side by side along the same road. One interesting and reassuring fact emerges. Russia is growing reminiscent of her revolution. The time has not yet come when Reds and Whites arrange joint reunions, and no longer than a month ago twenty men were tried and three condemned to death for murder and rapine committed during that same civil war here in our county in the North Caucasus. Yet when men begin to pluck tales of kindness out of the recollections of horror and hate, and tinge their memories with humor, it is a sign that the wounds of war are healing.

Through all these strange and apparently irreconcilable contradictions you will find purpose and order. Over all the Soviet Government rules supreme with little visible effort, binding this colorful moving mass into a new organism.

In the Driftway

COMMENCEMENT time has passed again and the Drifter is reminded of the strangest and most interesting commencement exercises he ever saw. They took place at the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute, located in the southern section—the black belt—of Mississippi. The school has made itself the center of a farming section which is becoming more prosperous every year. And these farmers, parents of students in the school or neighbors who had been helped by visiting teachers, composed the audience for the program of the day. In a valley which formed almost a perfect amphitheater was the waiting audience. There was a small platform in the center, on which stood seventy-three young people ready to receive their certificates. Close

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by were two pens of cattle, Holstein and Jersey; a string of Durock Jersey pigs; a neatly constructed henhouse and brooding outfit filled with chickens from one-day-old chicks to full-grown cocks and hens; an improvised garage and workshop, a carpenter shop, kitchen, laundry, and so on through the twenty-six industries taught at the school.

* * * * *

INSTEAD of a salutatory, full of noble and courageous promises, the audience heard a work bell, and at the sound each of the graduates began to work at one or another of the industries. Many of those who were to receive diplomas were working at their machines in overalls. Some kneaded dough, some prepared a meal, others worked in a miniature truck garden with vegetables actually growing in it. An anvil rang, shoes were put on horses, a Ford car running across the stage had a mysterious blowout; swiftly it was repaired by the students in the automechanics department. A laundry machine washed clothes which students later ironed, and, most miraculous of all, in the sewing division a girl measured another girl for a dress, made it, and put it on the girl in twenty-six minutes, and for all the Drifter could tell to the contrary it was a perfect fit.

* * * * *

ABOVE the ring of the anvil, the hum of the machinery, and the voices of those who explained their demonstrations as they went on, another farm demonstration was being conducted. It consisted of a Ford tractor drawing a disk plow and circling the entire audience at fifteen miles an hour, turning up the land seven inches deep. This tractor was followed by a harvester tractor pulling two sets of cultivators, one behind the other. The Drifter was not the only one who watched these activities with absorption. The farmer audience sat enthralled by the proceedings. Their sons and daughters were performing operations which indicated that they had actually learned something while at school, and, more than that, these were operations which touched their parents as closely as the children. For once the school was not an island in the midst of life. It was life itself. THE DRIFTER

Contributors to This Issue

MAURITZ HALLGREN is on the Washington staff of the International News Service.

IDA TREAT is co-author with Ruth Sawtell of "Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees," just published.

MARY AUSTIN, poet, novelist, and critic, has been a leader of American women for two decades.

ELLIS COWLING is a graduate of DePauw University.

KARL BORDERS is with the Russian Reconstruction Farms.

ALFRED KREYMBORG is the author of "Puppet Plays."

W. E. WOODWARD is the author of "Bunk" and "Lottery."

NORMAN THOMAS is a director of the League for Industrial Democracy.

MARY ROSS is an associate editor of the *Survey*.

WILLIAM L. LANGER is professor of history at Clark University.

BENTON MACKAYE is a forester, regional planner, and social dreamer.

KEITH HUTCHISON, who contributed the review of "American Labor and American Politics" to *The Nation* of July 13, is no longer associated, as was there stated, with the British Library of Information in New York.

Correspondence

Fit to Print

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Touching the cases of Upton Sinclair and "Pure Boston," and of David Gordon and purer New York, one may recall the encouragement extended to a young hopeful from the provinces by Church and State of Old England. Shakespeare was lucky enough to have had his first authentic work certified as fit for publication by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, by the way, happened to have been Francis Bacon's first tutor. The imprimatur, from the third man in the state and the second in the church, was impressed upon no less an effort than "Venus and Adonis"!

Reverting to Boston, however, may I cull for the Athens of America, Cradle of Liberty, the last line of Sonnet xciv, which last line, peculiarly enough, is also to be found verbatim in an anonymous Elizabethan drama, "Richard III"—

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

New York, June 27 MARIUS CHARLES UNDERWOOD

Did Mrs. Stowe Make Shoes?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My source of information as to Harriet Beecher Stowe doing shoemaking and tailoring for her family was the biography of Mrs. Stowe by Martha Foote Crowe and conversations with Mrs. Crowe. It is difficult to enter into a controversy with a man living in the year 1927 who disputes allegations about his mother and her craftsmanship in the year 1847 when he was a babe in arms or unborn. Mr. Stowe believes he is a veracious man. He wishes accuracy of statement regarding his mother. Let him refresh his recollections and write a memoir of how his beloved and lovable mother kept house in Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, whether she called in dressmakers to make her dresses, whether the family footwear was factory-made or done by a journeyman shoemaker, and what was the monthly stipend of her husband, a professor of Biblical exegesis in a struggling Western theological seminary.

"I was married to a man rich in Greek and Hebrew, Latin and Arabic, and alas! in nothing else," she wrote to Mrs. Follen in London. (I am quoting from Constance Mayfield Rourke's "Trumpets of Jubilee.") "I had married into poverty and without a dowry . . . my husband had only a large library of books and a great deal of learning." On arrival of the Stowe family in Brunswick, Maine, Mrs. Rourke informs the world in her just published book, "Mrs. Stowe was obliged to begin the work of the pioneer all over again. She papered the walls of her house, and painted and varnished the floors and the woodwork, and laid carpets and made barrel-chairs and recovered sofas and decorated them with gimp, and rehabilitated pillows and bolsters and bedspreads. . . . In the midst of her labors came a low-spirited letter from Professor Stowe, announcing that he was sick in bed, inquiring what his wife would do in case she was left a widow, as she almost certainly would be, warning her that she would have a mere pittance to live on, and so must not be extravagant. . . . The following spring a clergyman from Harpswell happened to be loitering near the wharf late one afternoon, and saw the entire Stowe family seated on casks, apparently in silence. Tired and worn, unkempt and even dilapidated, with holes as large as silver dollars showing at the heels of her low shoes, Mrs. Stowe made an oblivious center of the group."

With each increase of evidence we are led to believe that in her material poverty Harriet Beecher Stowe was a good deal of a working-woman, having not merely mother wit but deft manual cleverness. Her memory does not require the guardianship of a ninety-year-old son who considers it important that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she must not be recorded as having made shoes, of a sort, for her family, and tailored, in a way, for her husband.

Chicago, June 15 CARL SANDBURG

Sissified Sex Literature

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial comment upon my letter in *Books* gets somewhat off the track. I am grateful for the illustrations drawn from the past, however. They help me to show, even more clearly, what I was trying to express in my criticism of "important" novels.

I am not such a fool as to find fault with a writer for using the facts and follies of humanity as the themes of a novel. I am perfectly well aware of the novels of Fielding, Smollett, Thackeray, and George Eliot. I have read the "Morte d'Arthur." I have also read the other books of those periods. Roger Ascham, who has supplied you with an excellent title to your remarks, I would remind you was living in a period of transition, as we are now. He is as good a witness for the sixteenth century as Bishop Manning is for the present day. He was naturally prejudiced against the work of Sir Thomas Mallory by his intense absorption in Latin and Greek ancient literature. He was the tutor of aristocratic young ladies, and he lived in an age ill-fitted to perceive the significance of the legends of King Arthur's court.

But all this, you will pardon me for pointing out, is immaterial to my original contention. It is the *spirit* behind the modern sexy novel which I am after. It is the preoccupation with ordure for the sake of rolling in the ordure which I am trying to fetch out from behind all these fine words and phrases about "Importance" and "Art."

I did not labor the point in my letter very heavily, although two of my correspondents have seized upon it for their own uses. It is this: that literature is becoming emasculated by being written mainly for women and largely by women. The majority of men in this country, having been co-educated by women-teachers, are unaware of this directly, but become vaguely impressed that something is the matter later in life. I call it the sissification of literature and life. The point of view of the modern "important" novel like "Ulysses" is feminine in its preoccupation with the nastiness of sex. You allude to the older novelists as dealing with sex. Of course they did. They used it in its place. They did not make it the god in the temple. They treated it as I treat a table when I buy it or make it. They accepted it as a useful thing to have in the house, to take or leave alone, to use and forget. The modern "important" novelist seems to regard sex as the modern woman regards antique furniture—not to use but to worship, to discuss, and to go mad about.

You mention Flaubert, Balzac, and Stendhal. In my opinion the last named does not come in the class of the other two. In any case he is a rather special writer who has something to offer very shrewd and interesting. That, however, is the modern way. Just now Stendhal with his highly seasoned "The Red and the Black" is being discussed as "important," when any mate or engineer of my day at sea really knew more about seduction than Stendhal ever heard of. Some of his technique is distinctly fustian.

"Love," you say, "is most intense when it meets an impediment." Very likely; but who was talking about love? There is precious little love in the modern "important" novels. If the novelist thinks he is going to get away with frustrated love affairs he is mistaken. The young women are out for the whole fetid business, and you can ask any bookseller if you don't believe me. Only the other day an enthusiastic lady told me that the love of the young woman in "The Sun Also Rises" was a beautiful unsullied emotion. Either I am blind or she is crazy.

Katherine Mayo's splendid book about India of today tells us how, when a Hindu is to be "purified" from contact and mutilation by a stranger, he has his eyes, ears, nose and mouth filled by a Brahmin with soft cow-dung. There seems to me to be a parable in this. We have a few potential Hindus right here in our intellectual and literary midst. All those allusions in your editorial to the great books of the past are red herrings across the trail. I happen to have read those authors. They were huge successes in their day, many of them. But are you trying to suggest that the young ladies who waited for the next chapters of "Vanity Fair" or "Barchester Towers" were animated by the same spirit as those who, after one dizzy sniff at "The Sun Also Rises," rush off to buy a copy of the book for themselves? Are you trying to kid me into agreeing that Homer's poem was conceived in the same spirit as Joyce's "Ulysses"?

I will make a prediction—that the tide is on the turn even now, that the trend of accepted fiction will shortly be away from the pornographic, to call things by their right names. Don't misunderstand me, however. Dirt is all right, in the right place, and so long as you don't try to call it art. I like a dirty story as well as the next man. I can tell better ones than the average American, I find. But I don't like to kid myself that it is "important." It isn't. I can do without it. I prefer to leave such stuff unread. It is not necessary to write it. It should be handed on by word of mouth, like the ancient tales of the Druid days. The fashionable craze for highly seasoned sex stories will pass and we shall have something else. Better, I hope. It couldn't be worse.

Westport, Conn., July 4 WILLIAM MCFEE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is surprising to read that "the 'important' novels of every age have exhibited a preoccupation with adultery." It was not so with Sir Walter Scott, who was for many years the world's favorite novelist. Adultery was not the main theme in the works of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot or Victor Hugo. Many others might be named.

A modern playwright was asked why he never chose a virtuous woman for the heroine of any of his dramas. He answered that he could not make a virtuous woman interesting. Shakespeare could, and did.

Dorchester, Mass., July 5 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Who Helped the British Miners?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 16 you print a letter giving figures of the different amounts contributed for the relief of the British miners by various bodies. We should feel greatly indebted to you if you would, for the sake of justice to the continental workers, add these figures to those given by your correspondent:

AMOUNTS RECEIVED IN AID OF THE BRITISH MINE WORKERS BY THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF TRADE UNIONS

Countries	Received by the I. F. T. U. Dutch Guilders	Received by Miners' International Dutch Guilders	Direct to British T. U. C. Dutch Guilders
Belgium	13,483.80	56,698.26	.....
Canada	.....	.....	1,228.70
Denmark	149,100.90	13,043.45	.....
Germany	421,023.15	150,000.00	.....
France	.....	3,556.20	.....
Holland	216,025.00	8,366.50	.....
Austria	96,978.19	3,136.95	.....
Sweden	70,898.00	.....	.....
Switzerland	56,818.71	1,287.90	.....
Spain	2,980.34	11,401.00	.....
Czecho-Slovakia	10,797.88	45,600.00	.....
Australia	.....	13,200.00	.....
United States	.....	128,543.11	327.57
New Zealand	.....	.....	69,379.80
British India	.....	.....	7,860.00
Mexico	.....	.....	7,392.20
Norway	.....	.....	38,146.50
South Africa	.....	.....	6,000.00
Miscellaneous	5,359.08	744.00	1,211.00
	D. G. 1,043,464.95 = $417,386	D. G. 435,577.37 = $174,231	D. G. 131,545.77 = $52,618

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We should like to call special attention to the large amount which, relatively speaking, was contributed by Holland, which is a small country, with only some 200,000 trade unionists affiliated with us. Holland's trade-union members affiliated with us gave 118.3 Dutch cents per capita; Denmark's 67.8; Switzerland's 39; Sweden's 18; and Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Palestine, Spain, Rumania, Canada, Hungary, Poland, France, and Latvia followed.

Amsterdam, April 29 JOH. SASSENBACH,
International Federation of Trade Unions

Mr. Jonas Wants to Yelp

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to add my "yelp" to the chorus of the "bloodhounds" who demand the extermination of the "Moscow murderers."

Delenda est! The Moscow so-called communists, who have disgraced communism, have indeed "shown themselves to be the mad dogs of the world." Their extermination is indeed a necessity for the sake of the very cause which they have brought into disrepute. Here, in this capitalistic hell, Sacco and Vanzetti have been struggling for seven long years for their lives and will finally go free. But how long would two revolutionists of their type have lasted in Russia? Not seven weeks. Not even seven days. Here freedom is in chains, but there it is dead. Here justice is violated, but there its very existence is denied.

West Orange, New Jersey, July 4 BARUKH JONAS

In an Algerian Looking Glass

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

> Washington preaches naval disarmament, but maintains the most formidable fleet on earth; Washington preaches world peace, but adheres neither to the League of Nations nor to the Hague Court, and rejects every arbitration proposal in advance. London does about the same thing, with a little more decency and formality. In general, the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers, without any appearance of worrying about the wild contradictions they subscribe to, are giving a fine demonstration of their yearnings for hegemony and of the complete inanity of the disarmament propositions which emanate from them.

This is quoted from an editorial entitled The Policies of the United States in this morning's *Dépêche Algérienne*, occasioned by a cablegram reporting President Coolidge's speech at the United Press dinner. French writers insist upon bracketing the two cases of Mexico and Nicaragua. My attention was called years ago, when a law clerk in southern Colorado, to the fact that Mexican law is based rather on the Code Napoleon than on American jurisprudence. For this reason Mexican legislation and procedure have always been alien to us, though better understood by Europeans than ours. Since the World War much European legislation looking to the democratization of land holding and the curtailment of foreign ownership has been based upon them. To a Frenchman the Mexican attempts along these lines since 1917 are merely symptoms of enlightenment, in accordance with the spirit of the times. The American attitude seems backward and imperialistic.

Our annexation of Texas seems fairly remote to an American, but the period 1836-1848 is not so long ago to a European. He is accustomed to more historical background. From our spoliation of Mexico to our more recent policy of "godfatherhood" (as the Spanish-speaking populations call it—*padrinazgo*) in the Caribbean is to him only a step. Nicaragua and Mexico are in the foreground. Between this and the historical background, as a European views it, lie the angling for the Panama Canal Zone, a Spanish war which netted us Porto Rico and special rights in Cuba, and other military interventions in Haiti and Santo Domingo. I attended a series of lectures in Paris last December, in one of which the French geographer Brunhes made the remark: "The Americans accuse us of imperialism. As a matter of fact they have laid their hands on more territory during the past thirty years than any other Power on earth." The obvious American retort to Professor Brunhes would be that France drew two million men out of Africa alone between 1914 and 1918 to help decide a European squabble, and that we have never attempted to use Latin-American manpower for our own ends. Frenchmen to whom I have suggested this fact have made no answer at all. They might justly remark, however, that if we have not made this draft it is perhaps because we have never needed to. Private American business makes plenty of money out of cheap labor and cheap lands bordering on the warm water south of us.

Algiers, Africa, May 27 M. M. KNIGHT

Private School Teachers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been teaching in private school for six years, and have often compared notes with public-school teachers. I found their conditions far superior to those of the system in which I worked. Private schools employ as many foreigners, beginners, and non-professional people as they can get. Contracts are seldom given, leaving the authorities free to dismiss the teacher when zero weather comes. Salaries are lower than in the public schools, equipment not nearly so good, but they do have a super-abundance of unbearable potentates. My next move will be into the public schools. I am glad *The Nation* has taken up the cause of the teachers, and I hope soon to see an organization of teachers as strong as that of the bricklayers.

Chicago, May 24 J. M. HAYES

Admiral Bristol, LL.D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your hearty appraisal of the services of Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, recently named Commander-in-chief of the Asiatic fleet, calls for the supplementary information that at the 1927 commencement exercises of Oberlin College, at which President Henry Churchill King presided for the last time before his retirement, Admiral Bristol was awarded the honorary degree of LL.D. by the man who worked with him in the Near East in the years following the war.

Oberlin, Ohio, July 5 ERNEST H. FISK

Pope Manuscripts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor A. E. Case of Yale University and I are attempting a critical edition of Pope's "Essay on Man" and of his "Moral Essays." We are naturally anxious to discover all relevant extant manuscript material, whether in Pope's handwriting or in that of Jonathan Richardson, Jr., and also copies of the poems annotated by either of these men. Thus far we have discovered two manuscripts of the "Essay on Man," one in the Morgan Library, New York, and one in the possession of Mr. Jerome Kern; the annotated copy mentioned in the Grolier Club catalogue (1911); and a small fragment in the British Museum. We have also found certain manuscripts of the "Moral Essays" and certain copies of them annotated by Pope in the Henry E. Huntington Library. Should any reader know of other manuscripts or annotated copies—and there must be some—we should be grateful if they would communicate with us. We are also anxious to trace the original drawing in red chalk made by Pope for the frontispiece to the "Essay on Man," which was once owned by William Mason.

Evanston, Illinois, July 10 F. B. KAYE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

Epitaphs

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

DERBY AND CROWN

This man dreamed
beneath a derby
ere the dream
turned him down
and laid him near
the man he envied—
wearing a grassgrown
crown.

THEOLOGY

Whether he was Gentile
or just an outcast Jew
(the priest who prayed to Heaven
to save your soul for you)
no psalm can help now
your body below
nor sermon determine
what the earth should do.

CAKE ON SUNDAY

Here are some
  who died in battle:
Bring on Fame
  and let it prattle
the pretty speeches
  children make
when you give each one
  a cake
on a Sunday
  'stead of bread:
Fame is Sunday
  for the dead.

That "Filthy Little Atheist"

Thomas Paine, Prophet and Martyr of Democracy. By Mary Agnes Best. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE popular tendency to remember complex personalities by labels which are usually misleading was never better illustrated than it is in the case of Thomas Paine. Ask any well-dressed, respectable American citizen who Thomas Paine was, and the chances are about ten to one that he will inform you that Paine was a celebrated atheist who lived around Washington's time. If he has a puritanical streak he will probably use the term "filthy little atheist"—a characterization which originated in Roosevelt's indignation at Paine and all his works.

Miss Best, in her admirable life of Paine, does much to put him in his proper historical setting, and to show what manner of man he was. In the first place, he was not filthy. There is abundant evidence to prove that he was cleanly, abstemious, and possessed of good manners. He was a friend of Washington, of Jefferson, of Benjamin Franklin, of James Madison—and it is hardly likely that these befrilled and silky gentlemen would have been on terms of social amity with a "filthy" person. He was not "little" physically; he was even larger than Roosevelt himself. But perhaps our distinguished Rough Rider meant to imply that Paine was "little" mentally. If so, he was still in error, for Paine wrote books of such breadth and power that they sent a wave of seismic convulsions through the social structure of the eighteenth century. One may not agree with Paine, but one cannot say truthfully that the effect of his writings was anything less than titanic.

Paine was a Deist, and on the very first page of his "Age of Reason" he says that he believes in God, and hopes for a life after death. The "Age of Reason" was actually written to combat the growing spirit of atheism that followed the French Revolution. That it has become, after all, a symbol, in the minds of the unknowing, of Paine's atheism and a proof of his profligacy, is one of those curiously discouraging facts that cause one to think less of the mentality of the human race.

Paine's life, and the outlines of his bold conceptions, are well described by Miss Best. She writes vividly, almost too breathlessly. Her knowledge of her subject, and of her period, is evidently large and penetrating. She knows a great deal; and her fault—if it be a fault—is in trying to tell it all at once, like a fast talker.

She has a novelist's sense of drama; and this quality fits in well with a life as colorful and as astonishing as that of Paine. He began his career as a corset-maker—strangest of trades for a man who was destined to set the world in controversy. His acquaintance with Franklin began, apparently, when Paine brought some invention to the notice of our great philosopher. Franklin at that time represented some of the American colonies in London. Paine came to America in 1774, with letters of introduction from Franklin, and he was soon plunged head and ears in the American Revolution. He wrote "Common Sense" in the spring of 1776. A slender pamphlet of a few pages—one may read it in an hour—it had a larger sale in proportion to the American population of that day than any book has ever had since. This best-seller gave Paine a world-wide celebrity.

He was an idealist, a doctrinaire of the first water, a rebel by instinct. But his mind had a clarity and a directness that does not ordinarily go hand in hand with high ideals. He was a thinker of power and perception. For instance, he never admitted that taxation by England was the primary cause of the American Revolution; and this at a time when it was political heresy to say anything else. His idea was that the colonies were grown-up children; that they wanted a government of their own, regardless of what the English intended to do about taxation—and in this he was entirely correct.

Paine went as straight toward revolutions as a moth flies toward a light. If he had lived in our generation we would have heard of him in Russia among the Bolsheviks, writing this and declaiming that, risking his head, and passing through extraordinary adventures. He went to France during the French Revolution and, although he could not speak French, was elected a member of the revolutionary assembly. Next we hear of him in the Luxembourg prison, in imminent danger of the guillotine. But he escaped finally, returned to America, and died peacefully in his bed.

The curious adventures and flights that filled his stirring career pursued him beyond the grave. William Cobbett, the noted English publicist, became a great admirer of Paine's work and decided to carry his body to England for a grand funeral. So Cobbett proceeded to America, had Paine's body dug up surreptitiously, and transported it to England. Before the funeral, which Cobbett promised to embellish with "twenty wagonloads of flowers," Cobbett himself died. The body of Paine was left to Cobbett's son, who became forthwith a bankrupt, and the body was seized by a creditor who wanted to sell it at auction. Soon afterward the creditor fell into bankruptcy in his turn—financial misfortune seems to have been rather common—and the body of Paine passed into unknown hands. Nobody knows where it is today, though it has been long rumored that Paine's skull adorns a bookshelf in the study of a Church of England clergyman.

W. E. WOODWARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Story of Intolerance

The Story of Civil Liberty in the United States. By Leon Whipple. The Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

Professional Patriots. Edited by Norman Hapgood. Albert and Charles Boni. $1.50.

MR. WHIPPLE'S fine piece of historical research proves that civil liberties in the United States aren't what they used to be and never were. There is no golden age of freedom from which we Americans have conspicuously fallen. Whether or not we are worse than our fathers, we are not so utterly different but that Mr. Hapgood's sorry troop of Professional Patriots can find in American history plenty of precedent for the substance if not the form of their intolerance.

Various generations of Americans have mobbed Abolitionists, fiendishly lynched Negroes, harried Chinese and other aliens, established a postal censorship, deported men for political opinion, denied to citizens the right of habeas corpus, and nullified for striking workers the "constitutional" rights of assemblage, free speech, and a free press. What has not been done under cover of law has been done by the mob. To the observer from another land, or at any rate from another planet, the astounding fact would be not that such things could happen when passions ran high but that they could happen in almost every case without violating the bills of rights in the federal and many State constitutions which would seem to a layman specifically to guarantee the liberties thus flouted. (But, the visitor might conclude, for the lawyers thus to square our legal practice with our professions of freedom is after all a comparatively simple task in a country where our preachers have squared our every-day ethics with the teachings of Jesus to the general satisfaction of their hearers.)

In this long and melancholy case record no man or group of men appears as the uncompromising defender of liberty in time of power as in time of weakness. In 1855, remarks Mr. Whipple, "we have the interesting paradox of the native Protestant Know-Nothing Party mobbing Irish Catholics in the East and in California Irish Know-Nothings mobbing the 'heathen Chinee' for stealing *their* country and *their* jobs." The poor have been the special victims of their own weakness, yet mobs of poor men in the name of a dreadful perversion of democracy have been among the worst and most characteristically American offenders not only against liberty but against humanity. Labor's own bitter experiences at the hands of a master class which when it had power made any bill of rights almost meaningless have very imperfectly taught labor to defend the rights of its colored brothers and sisters. Indeed the chapters dealing with the treatment of the Negroes before and after their emancipation are incomparably the most tragic in the book. If ever a nation might justly be doomed by some stern prophet of the wrath of God it would be our own for the crimes against the blacks which this book sets forth with austere brevity. Perhaps it is part of our doom that our treatment of the Negro has dulled our very capacity to understand or create for ourselves the freedom we love to prate about.

Such heroes of liberty as Jefferson and Lincoln do not emerge from this record quite untarnished. Jefferson and his party did an immense service against the Alien and Sedition Acts, but Jefferson sought power from Congress to deny the writ of habeas corpus at the time of Burr's alleged insurrection, and one of the great advances for freedom of the press was won by his great rival Hamilton in the Crosswell case wherein a Federalist printer was indicted for vilifying President Jefferson. As for Lincoln, in spite of his occasional reluctance, his government went very far in ruling even in the North by military law without the writ of habeas corpus. A good many Ph.D.'s may yet be won by treatises contrasting violations of liberty under Lincoln and under Wilson.

For such theses this book does not give adequate information. It stops, according to plan, with the year 1917 and deals only incidentally with events since that time. It is understood that the struggle for civil liberty in these later crowded years will be dealt with by Roger Baldwin, who has been part of the struggle as no other man has been in America.

Mr. Whipple makes only one generalization: "whoever has power has civil liberty." The record makes him skeptical of the efficacy of any legal or constitutional guaranties. Nevertheless he speaks of the advance of liberty "by progress in education, by extensions of democracy, by the increase of scientific knowledge, by the growth of religious tolerance, by the advances of labor and women, and by the general diffusion of social tolerance." How great, I wonder, does Mr. Whipple consider that progress, and how far would it have gone if it had not tried to embody itself in law?

The very inclusiveness of Mr. Whipple's book and the magnitude of his task almost necessarily lay him open to two charges: first, that he has been obliged in many cases rather uncritically to use partisan statements of fact, and second, that he has included some cases which are doubtful examples of unjust violation of civil liberty. This is particularly true of his cursory and inadequate account of quarrals among the radicals themselves. In such quarrels radicals of all shades have often lost sight of the meaning and importance of freedom, although, as Mr. Whipple admits, in many cases they have worked together in defense of civil liberty. I have no first-hand information concerning the particular cases of Socialist intolerance which he cites, but I have enough general knowledge of these and other similar occurrences to question whether any anarchist criticism tells the whole truth. Even on the record as he gives it, does civil liberty include the right to disturb meetings?

The question suggests the need of a new philosophy of freedom. Our theoretical notions of civil liberty were greatly stimulated by, if they were not born out of, a laissez-faire conception of the state and of the relation of the individual to society. That conception is quite incompatible with present-day facts. No responsible official not a candidate for an insane asylum would uphold the right of some religious fanatic to disregard certain hygienic rules at proved peril to the public health. This, as Mr. Whipple indicates, is an extreme instance. We have no such objective standards to apply for the protection of public opinion. Heresy is of demonstrated advantage to society, and any social order is intolerable which is continually engaged in the conscious effort to deny "the right to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience." Nevertheless the defender of civil liberty must support this right in terms of the good of society as well as of the individual. If what we call Jeffersonian democracy is dependent upon the conception of the state which Jefferson preached but did not always practice it is in a bad way.

"Professional Patriots" might serve as a footnote to this history of civil liberty. The professional patriots whom Mr. Hapgood describes on the basis of material assembled by Sidney Howard and John Hearley are in a sense the lunatic fringe of Rotarian America. Some of them are honest neurasthenics who get the shivers, delightful or otherwise, at the word revolution or the color red. Some of them are press agents and glorified detectives who get an easy living by preying on the fears of moneyed morons. Taken by themselves, as on the whole the record shows, these professional patriots from the almost forgotten Archie Stevenson down to Fred Marvin are more exasperating than successful. Yet the very existence of this lunatic fringe is an evidence of the extent and direction of an underlying movement toward imperialism. The infractions of civil liberty for which they are responsible and the arguments to which they appeal are characteristic of our epoch as were the anti-abolitionist activities of an earlier time.

Mr. Hapgood's book is to be commended for its sober and careful statements of fact. It is to be regretted that it does

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not give a somewhat better chronological picture of the total situation, which changes from year to year. There are facts, not all of which were known at the time of the publication of this book, which point to the existence of an informal alliance between unscrupulous patrioteers like Freddie Marvin and a variety of military organizations, reserve officers' associations, important sections of the American Legion, and probably high officials of the War Department itself which is a menace to even the most rudimentary conceptions of freedom and to the basic ideas of political discussion. Fortunately these gentry are going to such lengths that they are likely to defeat themselves. Their accepted technique would prove that the Pope is a heretic because he has shaken hands with Protestants. Of this general type of folly "Professional Patriots" gives many illustrations.

NORMAN THOMAS

Alloy

The Delectable Mountains. By Struthers Burt. Scribners. $2.00.

"THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS" is one of those novels which are the despair of the reviewer because they leave him with feelings inextricably mixed. Not only is it too competently written to be dismissed and yet far too mixed in its style to be conscientiously praised, but its very defects are of a sort which the author has carefully cultivated and which, if he values his popularity, he will certainly not wish to correct. It requires no very great critical discrimination to see that for all the apparent sophistication of his ideas and all the smartness of his style, he manages somehow never to wander far in plot or sentiments from tested formulae, and it is equally easy to perceive that in spite of the superficial brightness and originality of which he is a master there is something tawdry about the brightness and something deceptive about the apparent originality. Yet to be able to adhere more closely to formula than one seems to be doing is one of the secrets of success, and the power to write continuously in sentences that fizzle harmlessly like a succession of squibs is the one most valued by the better-paying magazines. Mr. Burt has other qualities which would enable him to write more impressive fiction, but if he developed them he would displease at least half his readers, and he would be compelled to curb his exuberances to such an extent that he would seem to many not half so clever as they now think him to be.

Reduce the plot of the present novel to an outline and it is commonplace to the last degree. The story of a young man of good family who marries a chorus girl, fails to make a go of the marriage, and finally rejoins her in time for a "came-the-dawn" fade-out against a background of mountains—this has been made the basis of more plays, novels and movies than one cares to remember. Perhaps the plains or the sea have been used more often than the mountains to symbolize nature in these stories, and the illegitimate baby which Mr. Burt introduces just to show that both he and his hero are broadminded is usually omitted from the naïver versions of the story, but neither of these things is important and neither is responsible for the fact that "The Delectable Mountains" is better than such a description would imply. Two things redeem it from mere triviality. In the first place, Mr. Burt is capable of characterization more substantial than the merely popular novelist usually finds necessary, and, in the second place, there are many shrewd and witty remarks. He can give a certain solidity to his social backgrounds, and he is capable in addition of tersely revealing sentences like those which conclude the scene between the hero and the mother whom he has just told of his approaching marriage: "Mrs. Londreth had kissed Stephen good-night with an unwonted lingering tenderness that would have touched him had he not realized that it was a final argument against Mercedes. The Wilmerding silences, and the Wilmerding kisses, were premeditated." But the trouble is that Mr. Burt insists upon being swift when he most needs to be searching and upon being witty more continuously than is either necessary or, for him at least, possible. If you believe him, Mr. Burt is masterful; if you do not, he is merely glib. Events move rapidly, and so do explanations. He can describe a society in a page and explain a character in an epigram. Submit yourself to him and he makes everything perfectly clear; pause a moment to question and you wonder if all that he has told is as probable as he maintains. He does all your thinking for you, and he has an air which suggests that he would rather you left it to him. Without demanding anything of the reader, the book gives him the impression that a great many important things have been settled. The essence of morals, good manners, and practical sociology has all been distilled. A story that must be interesting for the simple reason that it always has been is made the vehicle for all sorts of painless instruction. The society of Philadelphia is contrasted with that of Bohemian New York as well as with the simple West. Why girls leave home is made clear, along with the reasons for supposing that chastity is after all a sort of virtue. There is a touch of spice supplied by an artist's studio and a breath of fresh air brought in by a cowboy. Moreover, the morality is sound without being prudish, and there is a perfectly happy ending upon a sententious, indisputable truism: "Men stumble—so do women." Best of all, the book seems short in spite of the fact that it is nearly five hundred pages in length, because there is never any necessity of reading anything between the lines.

The author, one is led to feel, is so extremely competent that he will explain everything for you, and so clever that he will make it amusing. Undoubtedly, this is good literature and yet, strangely enough, it is not a bore. This sort of thing is much in demand, but in it the *vrai bon* is inextricably mingled with the *faux bon*, and, though I am not certain that the capacity to do genuine things well is any rarer than the capacity to compound such popular and deceptive alloys, I am perfectly certain that it is more valuable.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Done in the Round

To the Lighthouse. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

SOME writers can etch a character in a few sharp lines against white space; others unroll a whole life in flat, bright patterns like a tapestry. Virginia Woolf has a unique manner of washing away the unessential, as the sea sculptures a bit of broken glass, till the spirit emerges as simple, translucent, yet individual in the dignity of the loneliness which encompasses all consciousness. Her people are done in the round—they emerge until the reader becomes intensely aware of the essence which lies behind the apparent complexities and contradictions of civilized human beings; and they would fade away like the lost Eurydice before any attempt to ticket or classify them or brand them with a label.

"To the Lighthouse" is the quiet story of an English family who are spending the summer in the Hebrides. There is Mrs. Ramsay, about whom the story pivots, as did their life; Mr. Ramsay, who wrote one good book when he was young and ever after was corroded by anxiety lest he should do no more to carve his name in eternity; their eight children; and their guests: Tansley, the conscientious atheist; Augustus Carmichael, poet and student of the Orient; Lily Briscoe, who tries to paint; William Bankes, a meticulous widower; young Minta Doyle, with a hole in the heel of her stocking; and Paul Rayley, who is to marry her before the book is over. If the day is fine they are to go to the lighthouse in the morning. The first half of the story is the reverie of Mrs. Ramsay as she sits in the late afternoon, with James, the youngest, beside her, soothing his anxiety about the weather as she soothes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the petulance of her husband. One by one the others impinge upon her consciousness and find rest there without disturbing her own serene depths. It seems impossible that this family, these people, could live except through her.

Then an interval—Time Passes—suggests the years that are rolling on as the old house stands untenanted save by the little winds of summer and the great winter gusts. Here are twenty-five pages of as clear and beautiful high prose as are likely to distinguish many a publishing season. Bracketed sentences tell of the events which mark time with the family. One night Mrs. Ramsay died, quite suddenly. Prue, eldest and loveliest of the children, is dead with her baby; Andrew is killed in battle.

And so it was years later, and with an eternity of difference, that the trip to the lighthouse finally happened. Mr. Ramsay came back with Nancy and Cam and James, who had been the little boy who wanted it so badly; and commonplace, faithful Lily Briscoe was there again, and old Augustus Carmichael. Much of this second part of the book is the reverie of Lily, looking backward and still trying futilely to grasp the present. They all *have* gone on; they have gone their separate and self-charted ways, as Mrs. Ramsay went hers, lacking her consciousness, her integration, yet impelled by the common need to run their course.

"Mrs. Dalloway," the preceding novel by Virginia Woolf, is a similar study of one woman, done with unity of time and place and person. The somewhat freer method of this latest book adds richness without dimming the peculiar quality of luminous insight which characterizes all Mrs. Woolf's novels. She has the rare ability to distil an inner life in patience and repose unclouded by prejudice; to write, in exquisite prose cadences, the poetry of the mind. MARY ROSS

A German View of Grey

Lord Grey und der Weltkrieg. Von Hermann Lutz. Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte. Mark 16.

HERE is a truly remarkable study of the famous English statesman—remarkable as a classic example of German thoroughness, but even more remarkable for its breadth of view, its generosity, and its good faith. Mr. Lutz is one of the leading German students of the origins of the war and has devoted more of his effort to the problem of English policy than perhaps any of his compatriots. In this really monumental work he has presented the results of years of painstaking research, and it may be said without hesitation that his volume is the most exhaustive as well as the most scholarly treatise on English pre-war policy that is now available.

The author's fundamental idea was apparently to subject Viscount Grey's own apologia to a rigorous scrutiny and to examine his account in the light of what we know from other sources concerning the English policy. In a sense this was unfortunate, for the result is a rather awkward arrangement of the material—first a study of Grey's outlook and political faith prior to his assumption of office, then a detailed analysis of the so-called "free hand," followed by a more systematic survey of European politics and the English attitude from 1906 to 1914, and finally, an exceedingly technical review of the July crisis. The arrangement alone would be difficult for the layman to follow, but he would find it an even more arduous task to keep up with the author's scholarly apparatus. This is essentially a scholar's book; there is no hope that it will ever compete in the public favor with Grey's own "Twenty-five Years."

Mr. Lutz is far above the petty devices of the propagandist. There is no mudslinging. Indeed it can be said that in almost every case the author gives Grey the benefit of the doubt. He is quite ready to concede Grey's good intentions and subjective honesty. He seems almost reluctant when he shows that on one or two occasions Grey was guilty of telling an untruth, and in several passages he gives a very searching psychological appreciation of the motives actuating Grey's policy. On the other hand, it should be pointed out that he is quite as ready to condemn the policy of the Central Powers as he is that of the Allies. But, in brief, Mr. Lutz takes the sensible view that none of the great Powers pursued a systematic policy consciously hostile to each other. The term "encirclement" as applied to English policy toward Germany seems to him "too dramatic" and he refuses to take the activity of King Edward too seriously.

Of course the book is concerned primarily with Grey's policy, and it must be confessed that when he finishes his analysis there is almost nothing left of Grey's reputation as a great statesman. Lutz positively demolishes it, and shows that, though Grey may have meant well and though he may still believe that he followed the only possible course, he actually was swayed by unreasoning prejudice and suspicion and managed to entangle himself so completely that in the great hour of need he was quite unable to exploit England's pivotal position in the interests of peace. From the very beginning, in 1906, he went further in his relations to France than his colleagues in the Cabinet would have approved. After that he became more and more secretive, and, consumed by an incorrigible distrust of Germany, had allowed himself to become so deeply involved that in 1914 the English "freedom of action" was nothing more than a myth. Of course there was nothing on paper that could be construed as a binding obligation but, by adducing every scrap of evidence, Lutz in a brilliant chapter shows conclusively that the moral obligation was so clear that no gentleman and no government could deny it. In support of his argument Lutz adduces the opinions of many Englishmen, statesmen and historians alike.

It was the same distrust of Germany and almost naive faith in the good intentions of France and Russia that determined Grey's attitude in 1914. He did nothing to restrain his friends, as anyone can see by reading the British Documents. But according to Mr. Lutz he went further than this purely negative policy. On July 25 he actually encouraged the Russians to carry out a partial mobilization in order to intimidate the Central Powers. The argument at this point is rather unorthodox and very involved. Most revisionist writers would say that even had Grey acted otherwise the net result would have been the same, for the Russians were determined to act and France was unwavering in her support of Russia. Mr. Lutz, however, insists that Sazonov was pacifically inclined until July 28, when Austria declared war on Serbia without giving satisfactory assurances of her readiness to respect the integrity and sovereignty of her opponent. He even holds Germany in part responsible for the Austrian declaration of war, and one is almost tempted to argue from this that Austria was primarily and Germany secondarily to blame for the Russian mobilization. But Mr. Lutz replies that Russia would not have mobilized in any case without a reasonable assurance of French and English support. Had Grey restrained Russia after July 28 the war would have been avoided or at least would have been avoidable. If Grey had told the Russians that, according to his information, the Austrians would not be in a position to act before August 5 time might have been gained for negotiation. In brief, while making out a very serious case against both Austria and Russia, Mr. Lutz draws up an indictment of English policy more impressive than any yet advanced.

The reviewer is not prepared to subscribe to this theory without reservation. There is no question that Sazonov put much store by the attitude of England, but it cannot be shown that Russian action was absolutely conditional on English support. From the very first moment the Russian Government made it perfectly clear that it would not allow Austria to crush

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Serbia, wrote Buchanan. And, after all, the Russian Government mobilized before there was any certainty as to English participation. Surely acquiescence in the Russian mobilization could not be taken as a promise of English support. England may have been morally obligated to France from the very beginning, but there is no getting around the fact that the Cabinet would not have approved a statement of England's position earlier in the crisis, and there is no denying that prior to August 2 there was no knowing with certainty what course the English Government would choose. Cambon, at least, spent some anxious hours and it was not until the English promise to protect the French coasts was given that he felt the game had been won.

WILLIAM L. LANGER

Books in Brief

The Girl from Rector's. By George Rector. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

Rector's is no more, but its glittering career has been recalled by the son of its founder in an intensely absorbing narrative. Mr. Rector modestly asserts that although Rector's might not have been the center of population at the beginning of this century, at least it was the center of all the population that was worth knowing. Through its revolving doors—the first in New York—came such personages as Berry Wall, Diamond Jim Brady, Lillian Russell, Oscar Hammerstein, George Cohan, Eugene Field, Stephen Crane, O. Henry, and countless others. While delightful for its anecdotes of a past generation, Mr. Rector's book is especially valuable because it hands down some of the famous recipes that gave the house its name.

History of Prostitution. By Paul LaCroix. Translated by Samuel Putnam. Published for subscribers only. Three volumes. Chicago: Pascal Covici.

This history was originally published during the years 1851-1852 under the name of Pierre Dufour, and though it was never acknowledged it has always been attributed to the voluminous journalist and bibliophile Paul LaCroix, now chiefly remembered for the valuable collection of pictures gathered in the five volumes of his "Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance." LaCroix was the author of over twenty historical romances as well as several works of sober history, and the present volumes are, like most of the other products of his enormous industry, remarkable rather for their curious miscellaneous information than for any systematic thoroughness. His anecdotal "history" covers the period from the remotest antiquity to the seventeenth century, and far from confining itself to prostitution as any modern sociologist would define that phenomenon it deals not only with every form of illicit sexual intercourse concerning which the author has been able to uncover a bit of information but with erotic literature as well. LaCroix wrote before the beginning of the modern period of scientific sociological investigation, and though he makes a certain parade of grave moral concern his chief interest is that of the antiquarian, but unscientific as he is, he is still sometimes cited for his facts, and he is not unentertaining reading. There is something reminiscent of Brantôme and a faint anticipation of Havelock Ellis.

American Opinion of France. By Elizabeth B. White. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

Miss White tells the story of cis-Atlantic views on French political and international policy from 1812 to the present. There is nothing in the report she makes after an examination of the press, literature, public addresses, and correspondence of political and other leaders which will upset our notions of the changing status of relations between France and America. She deals unsatisfactorily with cis-Atlantic views of French morality, and even in the political field sins in the direction of overemphasizing pro-French sentiment in the first year of the war.

The Story of a Wonder Man. By Ring Lardner. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

In this hilarious piece of tomfoolery Mr. Lardner quite outdoes himself. It should be made compulsory reading for all who are about to undertake an autobiography; after reading it, no one could possibly take himself seriously.

Red Damask. By Emanie Sachs. Harper and Brothers. $2.

A brilliant study of a family of prosperous German Jews in America. The book gets its title from the material which covers nearly everything in the household and which is symbolic of the formalities of family life.

Marcel Proust. His Life and Work. By Léon Pierre-Quint. Alfred A. Knopf.

This important study of Proust, reviewed in *The Nation* of May 12, 1926, is now available to English readers in a complete and adequate translation.

□ THEATER □

GILBERT MILLER Presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in The Constant Wife
BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE
Mats. Tues., Wed. & Thurs. No performances Saturday.
Published by George H. Doran

GILBERT MILLER and A. H. WOODS present
JEANNE EAGELS
in "Her Cardboard Lover"
BY JACQUES DEVAL
Adapted by Valerie Wyngate and P. G. Wodehouse
EMPIRE B'way & 40th St., Eves., 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

Little Theatre
44th Street West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Tues. and Thurs. at popular prices.
THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES
"One cannot find anywhere in New York more clever ideas, more fresh satire or more verve."—Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Nation.*

JANE COWL
in "The Road to Rome"
Playhouse 48th St., E. of B'way. Eves. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

CHANIN'S BILTMORE THEATRE West 47th St. Tel. Chickering 5161
CHARLES L. WAGNER
(In Association with Edgar Selwyn) presents
***The* BARKER**
By KENYON NICHOLSON
with WALTER HUSTON
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30. Eves. at 8:30.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Industrial Exploration

By BENTON MACKAYE

[*This series of three articles presents a new approach to world industrial questions. It is the approach not of the economist or the reformer but the explorer. The writer draws an analogy between the labyrinth of modern industrialism and that of the unexplored river system. Each is a wilderness. To the movement of waters within the river system he compares the movement of commodities within the industrial system. Each is a flow. He inquires whether commodity flow and industry can be charted and controlled, as river flow has been charted and controlled. In order to illustrate this new approach the writer has made some thumb-nail estimates of populations and resources. These are the result of a cursory study and are presented as assumptions rather than established facts. Such estimates should serve as a preliminary sketch for the complete chart demanded by industrial exploration.*]

I. Charting the World's Commodity Flow

THE explorer Amundsen has inaugurated "a new epoch in world communication." So says the explorer Stefansson. This is the result of the recent "Magellan voyage" of the airship Norge across the North Pole.

Magellan and Columbus were twin voyagers. Each sought the glorious East. Columbus to get east would sail west. He failed. He never reached there; he bumped into America instead. Magellan completed the job. He sailed around America.

The world is far less vast than in Magellan's day, but it is far more complex. A wilderness has been reduced—and conquered. But another wilderness has risen. There are two kinds of wilderness. The dictionary defines them both. One kind is "an area of land inhabited only by wild beasts." This is the vast but comparatively simple wilderness which terrestrial exploration has unraveled. The other kind is "a confused mass, heap, or collection." This is the vast and complex wilderness which awaits to be unraveled—the labyrinth of world-wide industry.

This industrial wilderness is the *terra incognita* of the present day. It is vast, and it is infinitely complex. It is a jungle greater and in some ways more terrible than the one our fathers faced.

Go to the Woolworth tower and look it over. What do you make of it? Why this jumble of towers and chasms; these belching chimneys; that floating cargo of freight cars; that battleship waiting in the harbor? What is the purpose of this great mass?

"Why," you exclaim, "to give us food and clothing and life!"

Verily, but how?—at what cost?—what manner of living during the process?—what sort of environment as the result?

You can show us how a single factory is run; you can produce the blueprints and show us a sample of the ultimate shirt for which the factory has its being. But can you produce a blueprint for industry *in toto?* Can you show us a sample, in terms of human life, of the ultimate result which industry is seeking?

In a new way we are pre-Columbian. The industrial wilderness is for us today what the terrestrial wilderness was for the men of 1492. We are up against a new world of mystery—a new kind of geography. It requires a new type of exploration. This is industrial exploration—the charting and unraveling (geographically and technically) of the vast and complex labyrinth of world-wide industry.

"Commodity flow" is to the industrial wilderness what river flow is to the terrestrial wilderness. The river stream, starting at its sources around Itasca Lake (or in the Ozarks or the Alleghenies), flows along the channel and over the waterfall; it emerges finally at one mouth or another of the Mississippi delta. The commodity stream, starting at its sources in some Dakota wheat farm (or a Louisiana cotton field, or an Allegheny forest), flows along the railway and through the factory; it emerges finally in the form of flour (or else of shirts or of shingles) at one "mouth" or another of the industrial system (a corner grocery in New Orleans, a department store in Philadelphia, or a lumber yard in Jersey).

As La Salle and the early French explorers had to unravel the intricate network of river streams making up the Mississippi system, so the industrial explorer of today must unravel the intricate network of commodity streams which forms the industrial system. Each stream is a line of "flow," whether of water or commodity.

Lines of commodity flow are illustrated in the accompanying charts:

Chart 1 shows some main lines of world communication: those in the Northern Hemisphere. It shows the chief rail and ocean lines which encircle the globe. It shows also the possible aerial routes uniting important centers across the Arctic zone.

Chart 2 is a sample chart of commodity flow. Each line shown is a "commodity stream." It is a stream consisting of 1 per cent of the total tonnage of commodities exported from the United States during 1923. But only a part of the stream is shown: the part which lies upon the ocean.

Another part of the stream lies upon the land, along some railroad route. The tonnage leaving Atlantic ports is first, of course, hauled by rail from some point within the United States. Thus the commodity stream is a line of transport, whether by land or water.

But it is more than this. The commodity stream involves more than the industry of transportation. It involves every other industry as well—farming, mining, lumbering, the various forms of manufacturing. These portions of the commodity stream cannot be shown on Chart 2. But they could if the chart were large enough.

Chart 3 shows some major lines of commodity flow. These consist of the chief freight routes (rail and ocean—actual or possible) through which the commodity streams are likely to keep on flowing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Particular Interest to NATION Readers

SOME NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPERMEN

By

Oswald Garrison Villard

EDITOR OF THE NATION

Of the first edition of this book, Robert Morss Lovett wrote: "Mr. Villard is unusually well fitted for his task. He inherited the ownership of a great newspaper. No one ever questioned his journalistic ability or his high view of the responsibilities of the profession, to which he was willing to sacrifice material success. . . . Undoubtedly the chief interest in Mr. Villard's book is in the narratives of successful struggle and the vivid portraits which lend to his subjects the interest of drama and character. He shows how practically all the great newspapers of his country owe their origin to some dominating individual, the New York *Times* to Ochs, the *World* to Pulitzer, the *Herald* to Bennett, the Chicago *Tribune* to Medill, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* to Watterson, the Kansas City *Star* to Nelson."

Mr. Villard belongs to a family that "has had the privilege of serving journalistic ideals for one hundred and five years." He himself has belonged to the profession for thirty years.

New Edition. $3.00

ALFRED A. KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

A Study in the Waste of the Consumer's Dollar

By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink

THIS amazing book lifts the curtain on all the side shows of Main Street and lets you see precisely how The New Salesmanship and High-Pressure Advertising are separating you painlessly from your money. Much of the fantastic hokum, deliberate falsehood, misrepresentation and quackery of the Wonderland of Advertising is exposed—the book names cases, offenders and products by the score.

If you are tired playing Alice in a Wonderland of hypnotic words and empty values, read this book. It should enable you to get more for your money than you ever have before. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Dorothy Canfield and other noted critics have endorsed it.

Facts are made as entertaining as a detective story, or a magician's performance. This is one book that will tickle your funnybone as well as your bankroll.

Just Published

At all bookstores—$2.00

The Macmillan Co. · New York

Is there something you want that you can't quite afford---

A new tennis racquet, a kodak, one or two of the latest books, some extravagant trifle for your summer wardrobe?

Many *Nation* readers have found that they can earn extra money for extra pleasures by taking advantage of our exceptional offer to reader-agents. Why not try it yourself?

Dept. 11
THE NATION
20 Vesey Street, New York
What is your exceptional offer to reader-agents?

Name .....

Address .....

.....

THE SPIRIT AND PRACTICE *of the* NEW EDUCATION

Twenty interesting articles summarizing the work of the modern schools. The July issue of PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION, a distinguished magazine published quarterly for educators and the general reader.
Sixty Cents a single issue. Two Dollars per year.

CREATIVE EXPRESSION THROUGH MUSIC

Ten valuable articles, one hundred illustrations, showing the latest methods in children's music.
Thirty-five Cents a copy.

THE ENVIRONMENT FOR CREATIVE EDUCATION

Ten articles and one hundred pictures, showing children at work and at play in ideal surroundings.
Thirty-five Cents a copy.

MID-SUMMER SPECIAL OFFER

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION for one year, "Creative Expression Through Music," and "The Environment for Creative Education"—ALL FOR TWO DOLLARS.

Published by the most effective agency working for liberal procedure in the schools.

THE PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION ASSOCIATION
10 JACKSON PLACE WASHINGTON, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

River stream or commodity stream, each is a "flow" from source to destination; each seems to be an *inevitable* flow, and yet one which—within limits—can be guided. The charting of this flow, as a basis for guidance within natural limits—this is the job of industrial exploration.

The immediate problems concerning the lines of commodity flow seem to relate to their entanglements. There are physical entanglements and political ones.

Physical entanglements may be illustrated by the "bottle-neck." Note the choking and bubbling process which takes place when you try quickly to empty fluid from a bottle. That is what happens in New York City. All roads lead there. They pour in their commodities—over the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and a dozen other railway lines. The flow pours out again—through the harbor, or else back over the New York Central and the other lines. One-fifth of the export tonnage flow of the United States squeezes out through the port of New York.

But this is only a small fraction of the tonnage which comes in to this city and goes out again, or else remains to be consumed. (Export tonnage is only a small fraction of total tonnage moved.) The more commodity flow moving toward a center, the more people needed to take care of it; the more people, the more flow needed to take care of them.

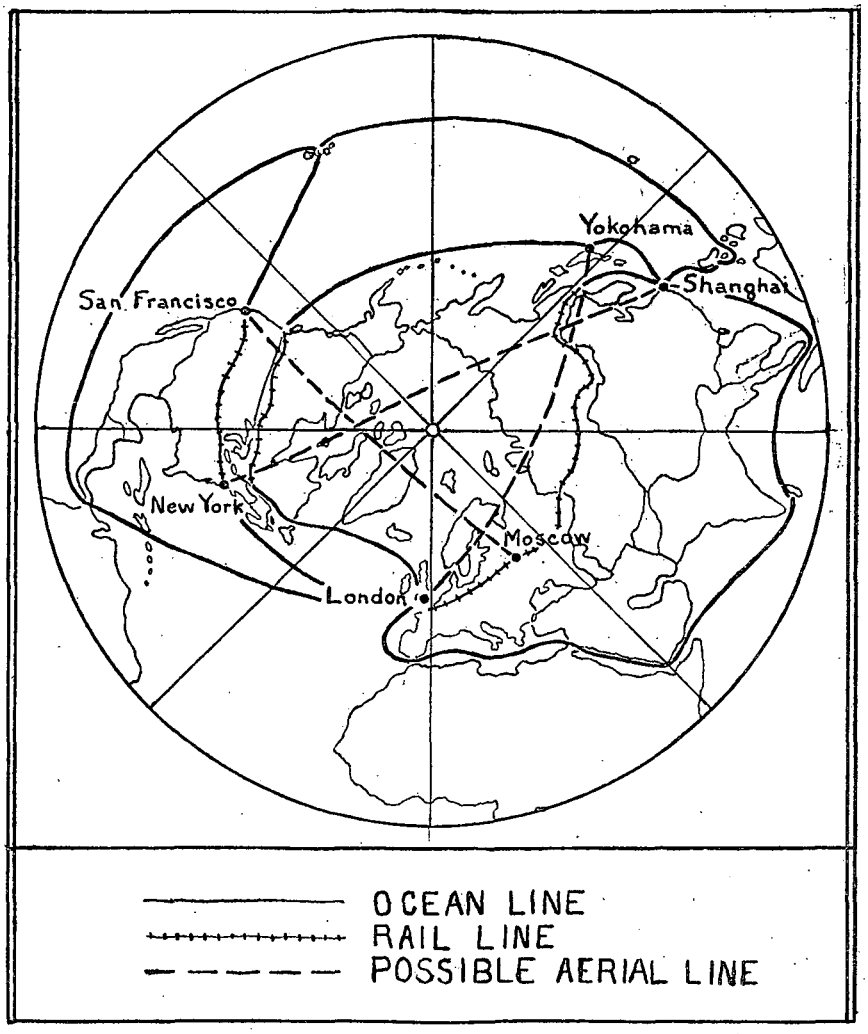
Look at Chart 3. Each seaport or terminal shown (each little black dot) is a focusing center in world-wide commodity flow. Each, in greater or less degree, is a "New York."

Political entanglements also may be spied upon Chart 3. These result not from the flow itself (as in the "bottle-neck") but in its proprietorship. They are illustrated most aptly by cases of parallel (and competing) lines of commodity flow.

The story is told out in the Rocky Mountains of the "war" which once took place between the surveying parties engaged respectively in locating two parellel lines of railway. Not content with pulling up each other's stakes, they had several encounters in which they "hove rocks" at one another. Each surveying party represented a separate group of railway interests.

Chart 3 shows (among others) a certain pair of parallel and potentially competing lines running from Western Europe to India. One of these lines consists of the ocean-trade route from England through Gibraltar, Suez, and the Red Sea. The other consists of the railway from Germany through Constantinople into Mesopotamia, extended by the potential ocean route through the Persian Gulf. Each line at one time represented a separate group of interests. Each group did business under a separate national flag. The interests of the groups somehow became entangled—and no way was found of straightening them. Other groups became involved and other tangles. There were four years of "rock heaving" before the affair was quieted.

To fathom the wilderness of the industrial system we must study some of the methods used to fathom the wilderness of the American continent.



1. LINES OF WORLD COMMUNICATION (NORTHERN HEMISPHERE)

One way was by following the rivers. The river stream was the unerring guide. This was because it always flowed one way—from a definite source to a definite destination. That is how we charted the once uncomprehended Mississippi River system.

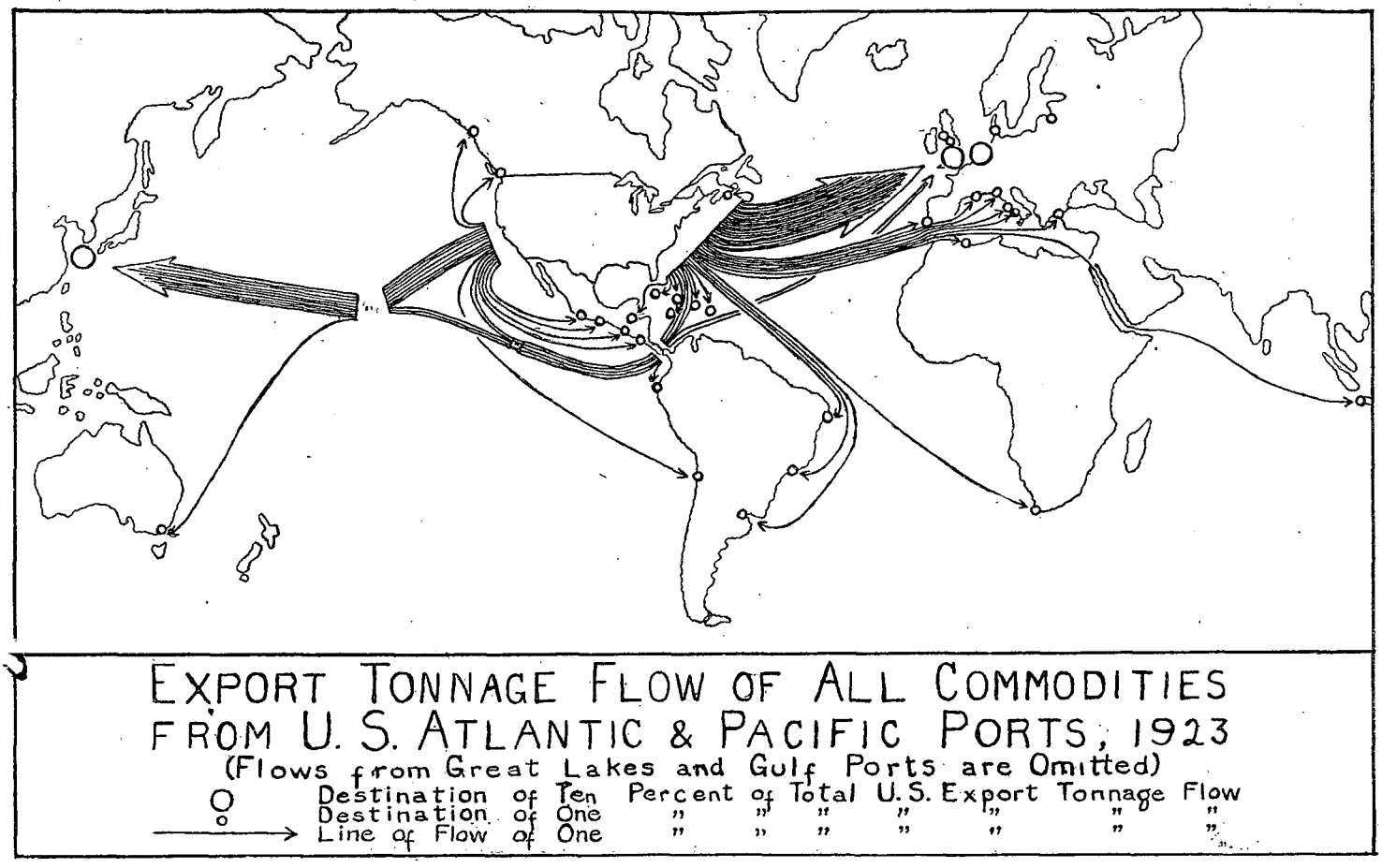
The commodity stream also flows always one way—from a definite source to a definite destination. Natural resources form the source; human requirements determine the destination. It is a matter of following back to the sources and following out to the destination.

This requires an exploration—a survey. The ultimate result would be an atlas. The United States Geological Survey has made a "World Atlas of Commercial Geology." There should be a "World Atlas of Commodity Flow." It would consist of three parts: (1) A survey of world requirements; (2) a survey of world resources; (3) a survey of the lines of flow, one by one, from source to destination.

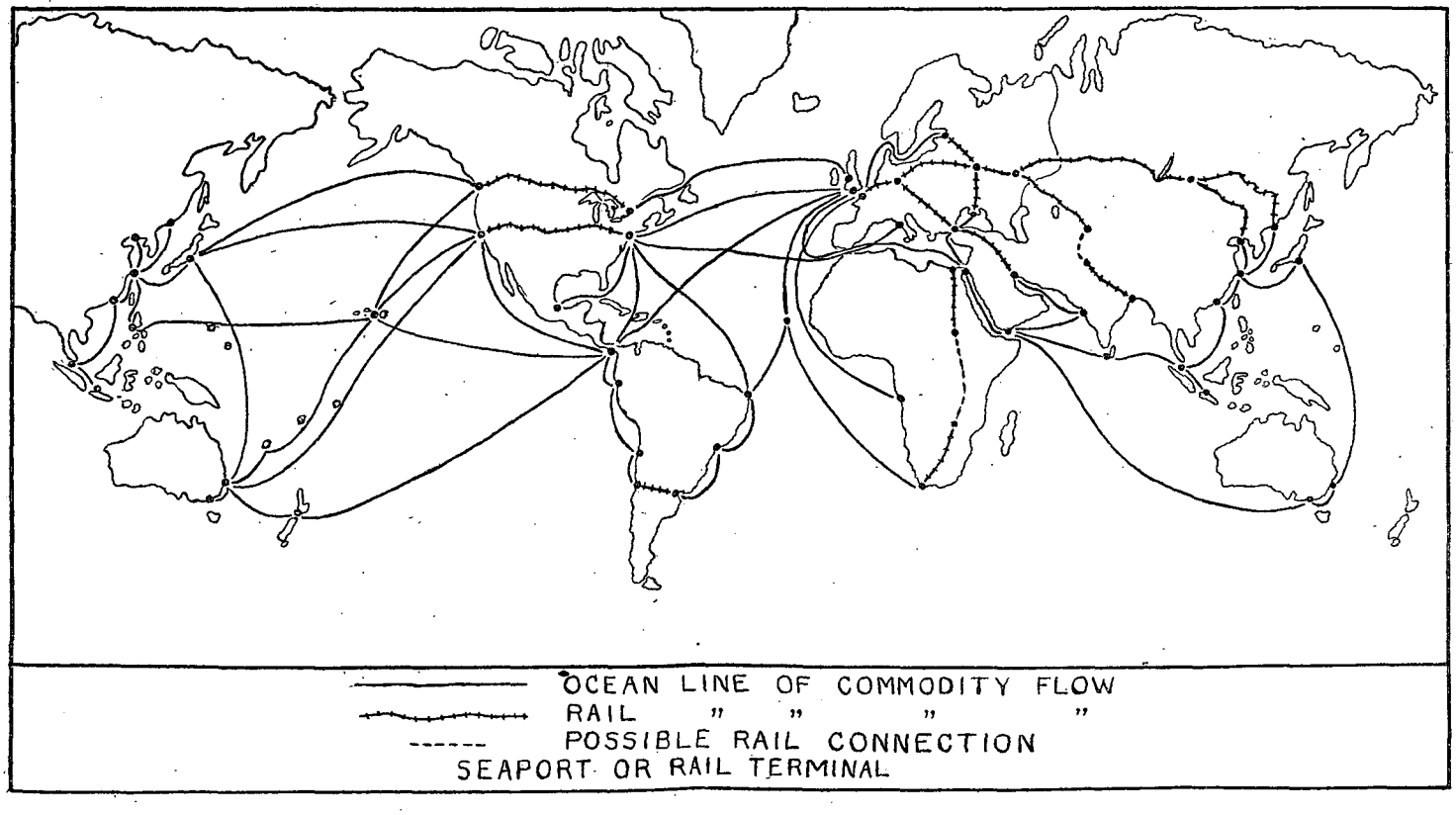
The deep-down question of industry is not merely whether it is technically efficient or inefficient; nor whether it exploits. But *is it running wild?* What lies behind the wildly accelerating industrial congestions in the world's big ports and cities? What lies behind our modern wars? Commerce perhaps, but what is "commerce"? Is the labyrinth which industry has spun becoming entangled beyond our power to control?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. A CHART OF COMMODITY FLOW


EXPORT TONNAGE FLOW OF ALL COMMODITIES
FROM U. S. ATLANTIC & PACIFIC PORTS, 1923
(Flows from Great Lakes and Gulf Ports are Omitted)
Destination of Ten Percent of Total U.S. Export Tonnage Flow
Destination of One " " " " " " "
Line of Flow of One " " " " " " "

3. MAJOR LINES OF COMMODITY FLOW



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPEN SHELF

GOOD CHEER, COMRADES! Want to buy, sell, or swap books, bronzes, old china, clocks, curios, etchings, lamps, paintings, prints, oriental rugs? Bus, or stroll to Daca's, 63 Washington Sq. So., N. Y. C. Books always 20 to 80% off. Open eves.

BOOKS All books (except text) sent post free anywhere at 15% discount from publishers' prices. List on request.
ISRAEL SOIFER
1244 Clay Avenue New York City

EDUCATIONAL

HESSIAN HILLS SCHOOL
(FORMERLY MT. AIRY SCHOOL)

A Little School in the country where boys and girls from 2-12 years may live and learn in a world not only of text books.
Elizabeth Moos, director — Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

SPECIALTY SHOPS

CAN YOU COME to see me? I have lovely hand-made Russian and Rumanian dresses and tunics that I'd like to show you. They are smart, cool, comfortable, and quite reasonably priced.
MARITZA, 49 Christopher Street, New York.

FOR SALE

ATTRACTIVE little Russian Dress and Gift Shop of unique character conveniently located in Greenwich Village, for a very reasonable figure on account of owner's ill health. Phone Spring 7578 [illegible] 12 to 6, or write Box 834, % *The Nation.*

MISCELLANEOUS

Use long distance calls to save trips, to get things done. You'll be surprised how little they cost.
BELL LONG DISTANCE SERVICE

HOUSE FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Four story, old Brooklyn Heights brick-and-frame house. On lower Bridge end of Heights where new subway will raise values. Completely remodeled in 4 separate studio apartments, each with modern bathroom. Steam heat, open fireplaces, electricity, gas. Enclosed South porch; deep backyard with trees and shrubbery. $15,000; first mortgage $7,500, second to be arranged. Write to L. S. G., 64 Poplar St., Brooklyn, or phone Main 9496 evenings.

CONNECTION WANTED

FOREIGN representative. Teacher, University graduate, 28, perfect command French and Spanish, going to Paris in August, year's stay, wishes to represent N. Y. firm or institution. Experience European travels, publishing, translating, social work, music. Best references. Box 832, % *The Nation.*

POSITIONS WANTED

HIGH-CALIBRED man, intensive personnel experience, writer on industrial problems, seeks connection requiring tact, judgment, and understanding of human nature. Box 828, % *The Nation.*

WOMAN, several years' experience, editorial, secretarial and executive work, wants afternoon employment in connection with any profession. New York City. Box 835, % *The Nation,* or phone Butterfield 7529.

SECRETARY-Stenographer, six years' diversified experience in office detail, desires position. Would consider traveling. Box 836, % *The Nation.*

TWENTY-ONE year old college student, slightly crippled, desires a summer position. Anywhere, or anything suitable. Martin Green, 328 Hamilton Avenue, Paterson, N. J.

SPORTS Writer, 26, more interested in literature than sports, desires position as assistant to editor of literary publication. University graduate; well-read; cultured. Box 833, % *The Nation.*

FURNISHED ROOM

FURNISHED room for rent in a colonial house in Greenwich Village. Quaint—quiet. $45. Write Box No. 762 or phone Whitehall 7730.

SUMMER PLACES

ECHO LAKE TAVERN
A Camp for Adults in the ADIRONDACKS
Warrensburg N.Y.

IDEAL of SMALL CAMPS!

Capacity limited to 150—Inspiring Adirondack setting. Every desirable facility for sports, with seven real clay tennis courts. Excellent living quarters. Unusual social programs. From every angle the camp for the discriminating vacationist.

Rate $30 Per Week

Address ECHO LAKE TAVERN
Warrensburg, New York
Warrensburg 55—Longacre 5432
MOE NUDELL REBECCA NUDELL

Rock-Lake Country Club

Formerly CAMP GREATER UTOPIA

Narrowsburg, N.Y. Phone Narrowsburg 89-R 22
ON BEAUTIFUL ROCK LAKE

A vacation playground for young folks. All water sports, tennis, basketball, handball. Entertainments arranged, social programs varied daily. Dancing; everything informal. Meals unrivaled (dietary laws observed). Rates and full information on request.

H. GELBAUM, *Manager*

FRENCH SCHOOL

Château-Neuvic School

A Church School for American Boys preparing for American Colleges.
Wholesome country life organized in a historic feudal castle. American standards of hygiene and diet; yearly tuition $1,200. Full sports program, including crew.
The Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, Bishop of American Churches in Europe, Chairman of Board of Trustees.
Address: Dr. Conrad Chapman, Head Master, Chateau-Neuvic, Neuvic-sur-l'Isle, Dordogne, France

BOOKS

The Great French Revolution

By PETER KROPOTKIN

In most accepted histories of the French Revolution, you merely see heroes and villains strutting the stage in their turn. In Kropotkin's great work of that momentous epoch you go behind the scenes and participate directly in that tremendous drama. The revolution springs into life. You are among real people—plain people—common people. You feel their struggles against increasing oppression turning into an irresistible current of action. You see this mighty stream meet and combine with the current of revolutionary ideas released by the enlightened members of the middle classes—and you see and understand the stupendous climax of the eighteenth century.

Two Volumes, clothbound, $1.00

At all Booksellers, or $1.10 by mail direct from publishers.

VANGUARD PRESS, 80 Fifth Ave., New York

Marx's CAPITAL

The most epoch-making of all works on economics: a critical analysis of the processes of capitalist production and distribution. Marx has done for social science what Darwin did for biology.

Cloth, 3 volumes, 2,586 pages, $7.50 postpaid.

Charles H. Kerr & Company, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago

WHY NOT A CAMP

with every convenience and comfort, situated in a rustic woodland bordering an 11 mile lake. All water and land sports, including tennis, golf and horseback riding. Excellent food. At the very reasonable rate of $25. per week.

Pioneer Lodge will be limited to 50 people and will appeal to those who seek a complete change of environment with none of the bustle and noise of either the city or the usual crowded summer camp. It is in the Northwestern Adirondacks, near Thousand Islands.

PIONEER LODGE, Star Lake, N. Y.
Accessible overnight by N. Y. Central

CITY OFFICE
140 WEST 42ND STREET
PHONE WISCONSIN 2165

DIRECTORS
HERMAN BLANC
BILL STERN

THE LLOYD, Bellport, L. I.

ON THE GREAT SOUTH BAY
COOL COMFORTABLE CHARMING
ALL SPORTS
For regular guests and week-end parties
Address The Lloyd, Bellport, L. I.
Tel. Bellport 17
(Owners, D. J. & K. M. Meserole)

Lena Barish and Sam Garlen
Former owners of Echo Lake Tavern,
ARE NOW CONDUCTING
GREEN MANSIONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED